OCTOBER

64

Polyhedron™

NEWSZINE

RPGA® NETWORK

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Warning!

Newszine staffers are stalking the nation's conventions snapping candid photos of members in action. *You could be next!*

Glathricon '91
June 21-23
Evansville, IN

Origins '91
July 4-7
Baltimore, MD

Evansville

← The heat is on for Bob Etheridge, the subject of Glathricon's Sunday "roast." Lifetime Network member and convention guest of honor Ed "don't call me Mr." Greenwood surveys Glathricon's art show with wife, Ginny.→

Evansville

← Diane Arneson of the ACS presents a plaque to Toni Cobb of EGG, whose annual benefit tournament has raised thousands for cancer research.

Baltimore

Teeuwynn Woodruff "smiles" for the camera.

Baltimore

DM Shirley Robertson in character as a sneaky shadow.

Evansville

Jay Tummelson and Bob Etheridge were at the head of the crowd during Glathricon's closing ceremonies. Network staffer Tim Beach (background, center, with arms folded) was more aloof.→

About the Cover

Artist Kevin Ward portrays the Burrowville Town Council as they ponder the matter of the evil Zhentarim.

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Polyhedron™ NEWSZINE

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Notes From HQ

Standing Firm with Cthulhu in Baltimore

Seventy-seven out of 18, that's pretty good.

The Network ran 11 events at Origins '91 in Baltimore despite a history of less-than-masterful efforts at integrating the Network's role-playing tournaments into Origins' traditionally wargame-oriented event schedule. For example, this year's Origins *Call of Cthulhu* event was scheduled for a modest 18 players per slot. One bad keystroke at Gemco, the company which organized Origins this year, transformed our quaint little horror event into a 118-player-per-slot monster. The Gemco staff caught the error only days before the convention when I called to check on ticket sales for all the Network's events.

Grabbing for Straws

HQ's efforts to recruit Origins referees this year had yielded painfully scant results, and I knew we couldn't handle the Cthulhu overbooking with the three judges per slot we had. A nasty sensation of foreboding settled into my gut as my plane winged its way toward Baltimore the night before the convention. (I suppose it was an appropriate kind of feeling to have when thinking about any *Call of Cthulhu* event.)

There was one faint ray of hope. Member John Vaccaro of Yonkers, New York prepared several general purpose banners and a few signs begging Origins attendees to help us run *Call of Cthulhu*.

John not only made the signs, but posted them. They made an impression. A host of thoughtful referees stepped forward, so many that I quickly ran up a huge photocopying bill so each of them could get a copy of the scenario. Meanwhile, a steady parade of worried Cthulhu players kept the Network's convention HQ volunteers busy with inquiries about who would actually be allowed to play in the event.

It didn't take us long to work out a players' pecking order: regular ticket holders, then generic ticket holders, then people with cash—of course Network members would get first crack at each stage.

The Network gained quite a few new members as a result—HQ volunteer Randall Lemon matter-of-factly explained the situation to all comers. Randall's experience as an educator served him well as gamers marched into HQ claiming to be entitled to special treatment. Randall patiently assured everyone places in the Cthulhu event would be assigned fairly.

Late the next evening, when the first slot of *Call of Cthulhu* ran, 77 people formed an orderly—but formidable—throng. Thanks to our recruited-at-the-last minute referees, and a seventh PC provided with the scenario, all 77 players got into the game. That's a record the Network matched in every Origins slot. The HQ staff found a game for every player who arrived on time.

Above and Beyond

The Network's Origins volunteers truly made the best of a bad situation. Regional director Willi Burger scoured the Northeast for referees. After many phone calls and convention appearances Willi produced a staff of referees who not only made commitments to judge, but quickly rose to the occasion when Origins threw still more players at us.

Members John Vaccaro, Kevin Rau, Chris Schon, and Tom Prusa all pitched in ahead of time by making computer-generated signs, game schedules, and other sundries (even though Chris and Tom didn't attend Origins.) Kevin's concise listing of Network events proved to be a bigger hit with Network members than the convention program. John's wonderful room-length banners didn't fare so well. The HQ staff wasn't in HQ more than five minutes when a stern-faced Baltimore Convention Center security officer flatly told us we couldn't post *any* signs on the walls and that John's banners would come down just as fast as we could put them up. Thanks for the effort anyway, John.

The Network's oversold events drew eager crowds at the beginning of every slot. Self-assigned marshals Willi Burger, Ted Stadtlander, Carl Longley, and Mike Shea made short work of them. Denise Rabidou, Kris Hardinger, Randall Lemon, and Pete Kokinda were just as thorough at the end of each slot when there were scoring sheets to be tallied and players waited good-naturedly, albeit impatiently, for the results. Brett Bakke, Steve Hardinger, and Network HQ staffer Tim Beach made it a point to be on hand pretty much all the time to handle whatever came up. They kept busy.

Hound Dogs and Balloons

Late Saturday afternoon, when things had settled down and most of the Network's events had quietly slipped into their second and third rounds, a group of HQ volunteers sat down to play a session of their own.

Trouble raised its ugly head in the adventure, however, when the group of player characters—charged with investigating a series of mysterious disappearances—ran afoul of an old woman and "Peaches," the lady's ferocious guard dog. A quick spell sent the woman into hiding, but Peaches was a different matter. After several (game) minutes of furious combat, which took almost an hour of real time, Peaches was defeated. But the party, less a casualty, was faced with a covey of skeptical city guardsman and a long session of intense role-playing in which the players tried very hard to carry off the roles of young adventurers pretending to be geriatric lodgers. Fortunately, the PCs had the sense to bolt the old lady's door, get the clue hidden in the house, and make an exit without fighting the guards.

The players' cavalier approach to investigative adventuring might have had something to do with their interrupted lunch. At about noon, when the staff had settled down to a questionable repast of carry out junk food, Tim Beach arrived with a large, pink balloon. One toss of the balloon was enough to start a prolonged, balloon-bumping volley that eventually involved almost a dozen volunteers.

Next Year

Origins joins the GEN CON® Game Fair in Milwaukee next year, and the Network will be there with a streamlined, slate of tournaments and seminars. Now is not too soon the think about attending as a player, judge, or HQ volunteer.

Good Gaming
Skip ❑

Letters

Tournaments, Conventions, And Comments

Many members of the RPGA™ Network aspire to be Grand Master or Paragon level players and/or judges. Of course, this means being successful at RPGA Network tournaments to gain points and advance in level. However, is that all there is to being a Network Grand Master? The answer is NO. A Grand Master player should prove his or her mastery of role playing by participating in a number of gaming systems, not just the AD&D® game or Paranoia for example. If he is not already a judge, he should strongly consider becoming one (how often have you heard yourself say you could do better than that guy on the judge's side of the DM screen?). Writing scenarios should also be considered.

However, not everyone has the talent to handle judging, playing, and writing. Nor does everyone have an interest in mastering every game system that has been published.

There are other areas, however, in which every Grand Master and Paragon level player or judge should—or must—participate. One of these is recruiting new members. To remain a vital, active organization, the Network needs new blood. I won't harp on this topic; we've all heard enough about membership drives from HQ.

The high level players should also participate in projects which benefit organizations outside the Network—namely charity benefit tournaments. As the coordinator of the Benefit Tournament at GEN CON® Game Fair for four consecutive years, I have been disappointed at the number of Grand Masters (and this year Paragons) who have participated as either players or judges. A big huzzah to those who did participate. The high-level players should prove their mastery of role playing by participating in a wide variety of tournaments, including benefit events. Many prospective Network members have declined to join because they view the Network as a self-perpetuating clique. Let's show them we care about more than just points.

Steve Hardinger
California

Thanks for your reflections, Steve. Here at HQ we agree Grand Masters, Paragons—and everybody else—should participate in a variety of tournaments—especially benefit events. Our charity this GEN CON Game Fair was the Children's Hospital of Wisconsin.

Calling all members in Minnesota, North Dakota, and surrounding states!

The conventions in the Twin Cities area are showing a growing interest in hosting RPGA Network tournaments. But they have one worry; getting enough judges to run them! If you would be interested in judging Network events in the Twin Cities area, let me know so I can help conventions like Twin Con become involved in the Network.

I would also like to get in contact with any RPGA Network members in the region to begin exchanging information about informal clubs, gaming events, and the like. If you meet with a group that's open to new people, let me know. We do get inquiries from people new to the area, as well as new RPGA Network members.

So get in touch! We have some new opportunities to make the Network grow in this area.

Rich Rydberg
Minnesota/North Dakota Regional Director
515 Douglas St.
Anoka, MN 55303

So I get POLYHEDRON™ Newszine #61. Don't know what you are talking about the missed deadline monster for. This issue got here earlier than last month.

Letters. Savoire brings up a point. I am forever dunning you for more AD&D game material, which Wolff and Byrd most certainly isn't. However, Savoie notwithstanding, you should definitely keep W&B (if you can). The point is good material is good material. For your mag, AD&D game related is a major part of "good," but superior non-AD&D game is acceptable, and W&B definitely is. As to Savoire's worry that people might "wonder if gamers take an unhealthy interest in the macabre," we do. You want to give someone the wrong impression?

Back to Basics. The D&D® game deserves support. But I fear that the support given is of no aid. The D&D game must be presented as an end in iteslf to survive. The attitude here still seems to be that the D&D game is to be an introduction to the AD&D game. The claim that it is a simpler game is a simple guarantee the player will insist on playing the AD&D game. By the way, there were five, not four, boxed sets in the D&D series. You left out the Companions box.

David Carl Argall
California

You're right, David. We goofed by omitting the Companion's release. Thanks for pointing out the error.

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The GAMMA WORLD® Game Lives

Everything Old is New Again

by Bruce Nesmith

I've played the GAMMA WORLD® game off and on since 1983. And, while working at TSR, Inc., I've watched the births of the second and third editions of the game. Both fell short of the mark, in my opinion, of capturing the true feel of Gamma World.

Now it's my turn. I hope I can hit the mark.

I'm scheduled to write the fourth edition of the GAMMA WORLD game with the help of designer Dale "Slade" Henson.

The fourth edition will premier in April of 1992. It will be a 160-page softbound book similar to the AD&D® game "complete class" volumes. The book will have a color painting for a cover, not textured vinyl. It also will have a foldout map bound inside showing the campaign area.

I've encountered only one major problem with writing the fourth edition of the GAMMA WORLD game. My boss is James M. Ward. Name sound familiar? Yep, he's the guy who wrote the first edition of the game. To say that he can get a little emotional about this game would be an understatement. We like to call him Mr. Gamma World around here. He sometimes uses his lethal game mastering style as a management tool. This is the guy I have to keep happy.

No problem.

No pressure.

Ulp!

For those of you who don't know much about Gamma World, let me give a brief description. In the not-so-distant future, the planet earth suffers a holocaust. The exact nature of this disaster is not known, but it is minimally some combination of widespread nuclear and biochemical destruction.

The end result is that civilization as we know it is destroyed. Centuries later, there are thousands of new species walking the earth. Men, animals, and plants have suffered innumerable mutations. There are many new intelligent species to compete with man.

It is into this world you will bring your characters—pure strain humans, mutated humans, mutated intelligent animals, or mutated intelligent plants. Mutations are rolled independently for each character, making each one truly unique.

The game environment is a savage, mutated wilderness set in North America. Coast lines have been redrawn, lakes and rivers rearranged, etc. Remnants of the old civilization can be found, but few people are able to understand the ancient artifacts unearthed there. In short, Gamma World is a post holocaust fantasy environment. Strange and powerful mutations mix with robots and technology to make a wild setting.

Playing in a GAMMA WORLD campaign always has been a rip-roaring good time for me. It can be taken as serious role playing, or it can be a wild and wahoo change of pace. In one game, I remember finding a strange device and spending an hour trying to make it work. Finally we determined that it was some sort of machine for starting fires. You poked a stick into one of the slots and it set it ablaze. It turns out that we had been playing with a toaster!

World Concepts

So what should be in the fourth edition?

The first thing I did was make a list of what's good and what's bad about the previous versions of the game. Then I called a concept meeting.

Let me tell you about concept meetings. Everyone here hates meetings, although concept meetings are the least objectionable of these horrid time wasters. As the proud, idea-filled designer, I sat in a room full of other, equally ego-filled designers, and spouted off what were clearly the best ideas ever spoken by man in a TSR conference room—or so I thought.

Then the other designers proceeded to tell me how wrong I was. Two hours later, we had a solid concept for what the GAMMA WORLD game should and should not be. Humbled, I returned to my cubicle to work on it. And slowly I came to accept that the group had indeed improved upon my brilliant design—although little of my original work remained.

Number one on our list of good things about the past GAMMA WORLD game versions was the character generation system.

Such a system had yielded one of my favorite characters—a rhinoceros with gills and heightened strength. He is telepathic and can life leech. What's life leech? It's sort of an area effect hit point drainer. Any character generation system that can come up with such a creation is a wonder to behold. A lot of games brag about character generation systems that produce truly unique characters. But none of them can hold a candle to the GAMMA WORLD game's character generation.

Of course, the previous versions' character generation system was not perfect. The game stated mutated animals were supposed to start with the base genotype for that animal. That means that a rhinoceros should start with high strength, low dexterity etc. But the rules never gave you any sample animals for this.

In the fourth edition there will be a healthy selection of basic animals. These can be used for character generation or for animal and NPC encounters.

In the previous versions, an animal or plant character was not likely to have hands or be able to talk. Sure, there are mutations that allow for it, but the odds of rolling them were not that good.

In the fourth edition, I make the characters an offer (what's behind door number two Monty?). They can trade in a mutation—before they get to roll to determine what the mutations are—for the ability to walk upright, have hands (or other manipulating organs), and/or talk. Now instead of a rhinoceros, I can have a rhinoceros-man. He walks, he talks, he even has opposable thumbs.

More Improvements

One of the many reasons the AD&D game has been so successful is level advancement. Level is actually more important than character class or ability scores.

The GAMMA WORLD game had suffered in previous versions from two major flaws—poor character advancement and a lack of campaign material. Needless to say, these are things I intend to address in the fourth edition.

To make character advancement work better, I am introducing character classes. As your fourth edition character

gains experience points, his or her abilities and mutations will improve. For example, a character of the "esper" class gets to improve all of his mental mutations when he advances a level.

There will not be as many character classes in the new GAMMA WORLD® game as there are in the AD&D® game. In fact, I'm planning on just four: the enforcer, esper, examiner, and scout. Gamma World races are so flexible that more character classes are not needed.

A Touch Of Classes

The enforcer is the warrior of the GAMMA WORLD campaign. He starts out with extra hit points. Any race (pure strain human, mutated human, mutated animal, or mutated plant) can be an enforcer. There is a slight advantage in being a mutated animal derived from a large stock, such as a tiger or bear. As the enforcer goes up levels, his combat abilities and the quality of his physical mutations improve.

The esper specializes in the powers of the mind. Some espers are combat oriented, while others serve as spies, interrogators, etc. A character's profession likely would depend on his or her mental mutations. Since the character must have mental mutations, all races except pure strain humans can be espers. As he goes up levels, his mental mutations improve, as do his mental defenses.

The examiner is a technology specialist. He has the best chance of figuring out and using ancient artifacts. However, he should not be interpreted as a peaceful scientist type. Many of these ancient artifacts are powerful weapons, such as laser rifles and powered armor. While an individual from any race can be an examiner, the pure strain human has the advantage. All machines, robots and computers are more likely to respond to a character who looks human. Also, some of the ancient artifacts only can be used by characters with human bodies. As the examiner increases in level, his ability to handle machines and technology improves.

The scout is adept at outdoor survival and spying on enemy positions. While he can be of any race, mutated animals and plants work best. Those forms are easiest to disguise in the wilderness; they usually can be mistaken for ordinary animals or plants. As the scout increases in level, his ability to be sneaky and remain unseen improves.

Unlike the character classes in the AD&D game, GAMMA WORLD game character classes will not have weapon and armor restrictions. Of course, some physical shapes may impose natural restrictions. Powered body armor from ancient times will not likely fit a mutated elephant.

Power Struggle

Previous GAMMA WORLD editions placed more importance on the mutations than the character's level. For example, an 8th level character in the third edition game might be weaker than a 1st level character—depending upon which mutations each had rolled. The fourth edition will change that.

Also in the older versions, a character got 1d4 physical mutations and 1d4 mental mutations. This meant that you could have a character with one physical mutation and one mental mutation, while your friend might obtain four of each for his character. That's hardly an equitable system.

In this newest edition of the game, each character gets five mutations. The

Continued on page 31

Short People

with thanks to Robert Jones and Jim Lowder

An AD&D Game 2nd Edition scenario for six diminutive adventurers

by Tom and Matt Prusa

Adventure Background

Following this scenario are characters that can be used with the adventure. The characters are members of a well known adventuring group, "Short People." The company is vacationing in Burrowville when they are summoned to the town council by Malakii Farseer. It seems that the fields which produce Burrowville's main cash crop, Burrowville Blueleaf Tobacco, were mortgaged last spring. Malakii had assured the council that, after three years of bad crops, the harvest this year would be enough to cover the cost of the mortgage. He was right. However, Burrowville is located in northern Amn, and the Zhentarim, a noted evil organization, is attempting to get a foothold there. The valley of Burrowville would be an excellent start. And in Amn, the golden rule prevails: "He who has the gold, makes the rules."

Hence, the Zhentarim purchased the mortgage. If it is not paid off within two weeks, the town of Burrowville will be ruined. To save the town and pay off the mortgage, 12,000 danters (gold pieces) must be raised in that time. The town has been able to harvest and cure 2,000 pounds (one full wagon) of Burrowville Blueleaf, the best and rarest tobacco in this part of the world. It only can be grown in Burrowville, and to have some Blueleaf is a status symbol among the wealthy of Amn.

Ordinarily, traders offer 5 to 10 danters a pound for it, but this year only one trader came, and he offered the ridiculous price of 1 danter a pound. The Zhentarim scared the other traders away.

A brave party must take the wagon south across the Ridge to Keczulla to sell the tobacco, and return to pay the mortgage. In a major city like Keczulla, it would be easy to get 10 danters a pound, possibly more.

The party has a wagon, owned by Badger Thistledown. He is the youngest wagon-owner in town, and the only one willing to risk his wagon. The wagon is pulled by four mules: AC 7, HD 3, HP 20. If one of the mules is lost during the adventure, it can be replaced by a pony, adding one extra day to the trip for each mule lost.

Each of the four members of the "Short People" company has a pony: AC 7, HD 2, HP 13.

Players' Introduction

It has been a quiet vacation here in Burrowville. You are members of the famous adventuring company "Short People."

Adventuring is a risky business, but you are quite good at it. Ally, the bold halfling fighter; Murphy of Moradin, the priest; Shirl Jeweljan, the illusion specialist; and Verna Burrtoes, the hard-living thief. But today the vacation may be over. You have been summoned to the town council meeting.

Malakii Farseer, a member of the council, asked you to attend the meeting on a matter of grave importance. Farseer also asked "Badger" Thistledown, Ally's younger brother to come.

You report to the town hall, where the mayor is waiting. He ushers you in, and you are seated at the end of the long table.

"Welcome adventurers," greets Ned Burrower, the mayor of Burrowville. "I have some bad news. As you all know, Burrowville's main cash crop and chief export is the fine tobacco we grow. Of all the varieties grown, the most valuable and sought after is Burrowville Blueleaf. It can be grown only in our valley.

"The past three years the weather has played heck with the crop, yielding almost nothing. It put the town in a real financial bind. So, this spring, we had to borrow money—and we had to mortgage the Blueleaf fields to do it. Malakii assured us the crop this year would be enough to pay off the mortgage. He was right—as usual.

"But what he didn't foresee was that the Zhentarim would be out to steal our land! They purchased the mortgage, and they have scared off the traders who usually come. So far, only one trader has reached Burrowville, and he offers only 1 danter a pound—a tenth of the true value. His offer was met with the scorn it deserved, but it leaves the town in a tight spot.

"We have two weeks to come up with 12,000 danters, or we must forfeit the best lands in the valley. The normal trade routes would take almost a month to get a load of Blueleaf anywhere. So that is not an option. Our only hope lies with you.

Your brave party must take a wagonload of Blueleaf over the trail through the Ridge. In Keczulla you will be able to sell a full wagonload for 20,000 danters or more. 12,000 must go to pay the mortgage, half of anything over that you may keep.

Will you do it?"

The mayor answers any questions put to him, as far as his knowledge goes:

- There is a wagon trail leading south to a main road, which in turn leads to Keczulla. It has not been used in recent years. Most traders take a much longer route east and then south (a 25-day trip at least).
- The territory to the south is rumored to be overrun with trolls, bugbears, and giants. Especially trolls.
- Malakii will accompany you as official representative of the council.
- Theodore is here because he is the only one in town who was willing to risk his wagon in the Ridge.

If pressed, the mayor can sweeten the offer in the following ways:

1. Add another 25% of the profits over and above the mortgage.

2. Allow Murphy to build a shrine to Moradin in the village.

3. Offer Shirl a fine set of silk clothes.

4. Offer Verna and Ally places on the town council.

5. Offer Badger a lucrative long term hauling contract.

Wandering Monster List

Use these wandering monsters in the hills of the Ridge, either on the PCs' way to Keczulla, or if time permits, on their way back.

1. Bugbear (7): Int Low; AL CE; AC 5 (10); MV 9; HD 3 + 1; hp 16 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8 (2d4) or by weapon; SA Surprise, +2 to damage; SZ L.

The bugbears believe they have found easy pickings. They will attempt to ambush the party, fleeing if more than three of them are slain.

2. Leprechauns (3): Int Very; AL CG; AC 8; MV 15; HD 1/2; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #AT 0; Dmg Nil; SA Spells; SD Spells, never surprised; MR 80%; SZ S.

Abilities: *Invisible* at will, *ventriloquism* at will, *polymorph inanimate objects, create illusion* (as *improved phantasmal force*) may snatch objects on a 75% chance.

The leprechauns want some Burrowville Blueleaf. They use *ventriloquism* to sound like ogres, and demand that a big handful of Blueleaf be left on the trail for them.

3. Giant-kin—Cyclops (4): Int Low; AL C(E); AC 3; MV 12; HD 5; hp 25 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8 (weapon) +4 (Str bonus); SZ L.

Little guys. This should be easy pickings.

4. Wolf (9): Int Semi; AL N; AC 7; MV 18; HD 2+2; hp 12 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2-5; SZ S.

This pack of wolves is after the ponies and mules. They can be driven off if flashy magic (*fireball, lightning bolt* or *pyrotechnics*) is used.

Encounter One: But, Mother!

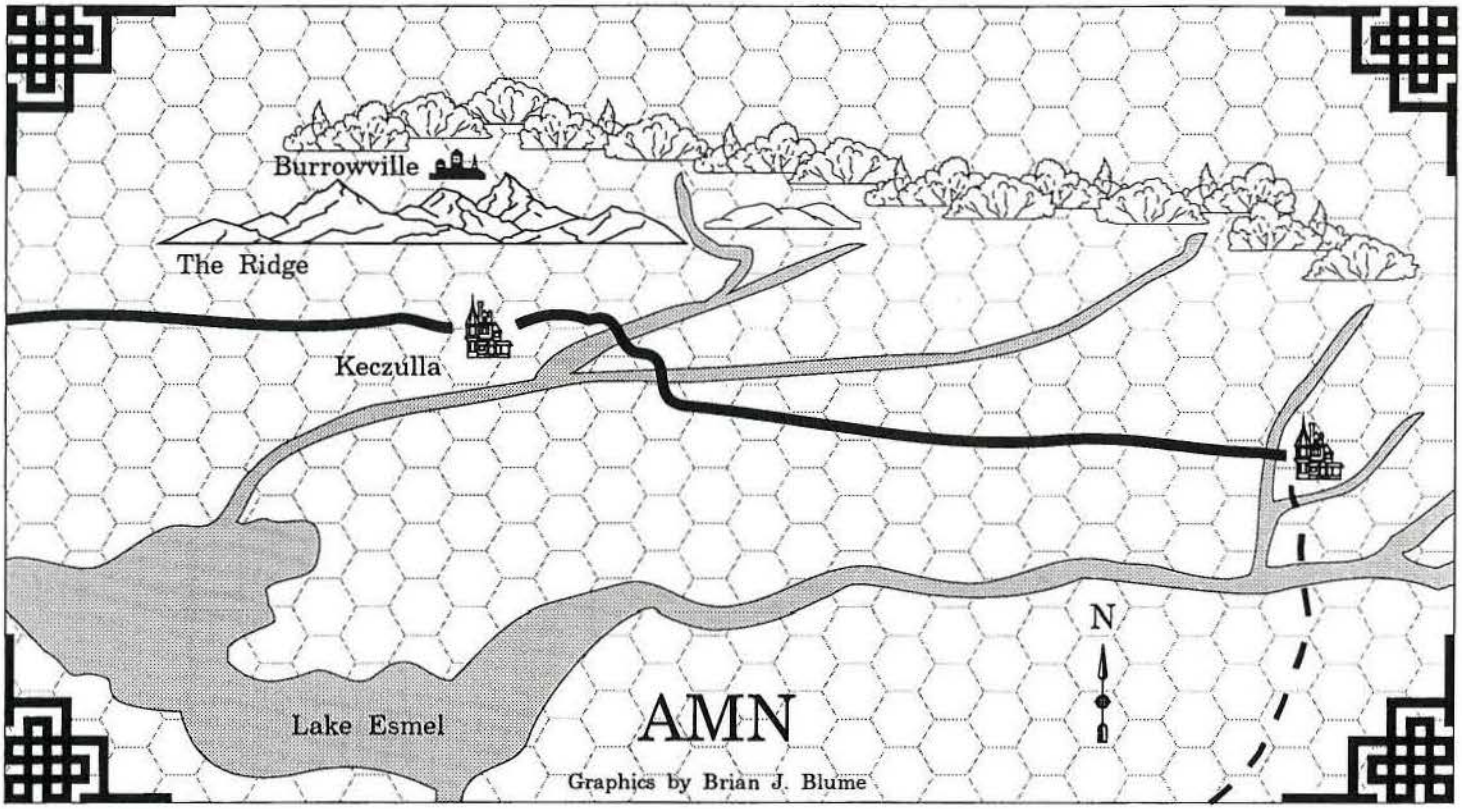
The PCs are shown to Badger's wagon, which is already loaded and hitched. There are four mules pulling it. It is a normal trader's wagon, loaded with four 500-pound bales of cured Burrowville Blueleaf. Supplies and three tents are stored in a space under the seats. The PCs are reminded that they must be back in two weeks with at least 12,000 danters, or the tobacco fields and the town will be gone.

The trip will take at least a week—if good time is made. The PCs will be advised to sell the wagon and buy ponies to make the trip back faster.

As your group nears the edge of town, a shrill feminine voice cuts through the cool air. "THEODORE! T-H-E-O-D-O-R-E! Theodore Thistledown! Just where do you think you are going?"

It is Elenor Thistledown, Ally's and Badger's mother. She is upset with Badger and wants him to come home—immediately. After all, he just turned 31 and is still a baby. He could be injured.

Elenor is a frightened mother. She will not listen to reason, at least not at first. She must be calmed down and convinced no harm will come to Badger.



She insists that he take his raincoat, umbrella, and a fresh handkerchief. She also brought a fresh handkerchief for Ally and Murphy. Finished passing out the items, she begins to weep, kissing all the characters and telling them she hopes they save the city. If the other characters let Badger be hustled off for home, he sneaks out and joins the party in an hour.

Encounter Two: Toll Road

You have been traveling for two days and are well into the ridge. For the past 18 hours there has been a steady drizzle. You are wet, cranky, and miserable (Except Badger, if he's wearing his raincoat). As you crest a hill, you see the path leads through a narrow passage between two huge boulders. There is a tree trunk across the road, and three dwarves stand behind it. The trunk has ropes attached, to move it, if necessary. The dwarves wave to you as you approach.

As you near the pass, you can see a sign on the left boulder. It reads:

Toll Road: Walkers 10 gp, Horses/ponies 50 gp, Wagons 50% of contents.

The dwarves offer to move the tree trunk—if the party will pay up. They cannot be talked down from their prices, and will not budge from behind the tree. As soon as it is apparent that the party will not pay, the dwarves shout: "Thieves!, Bandits!" and attack.

This is not a toll road. It is hardly even a path. A Zhentarim cleric hidden on top of the right boulder is in charge of this assault. The Zhentarim are aware of the attempt to raise the gold for the mortgage, and have sent several agents to stop the party. The cleric also wouldn't mind having the Blueleaf, since it is quite valuable.

Combat is inevitable, and once it breaks out, the PCs find themselves confronted by the following:

Doppleganger (3): Int Very; AL N; AC 5; MV 9; HD 4; hp 30, 28, 20; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-12; SA Surprise; SD Special; MR Special; SZ M.

Until they are killed, they appear as dwarves, swinging battleaxes.

Troll (2): Int Low; AL CE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 6+6; hp 36 each; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 5/8-5/8-6-12; SA Special; SD Regeneration; SZ L.

While the trolls and dopplegangers keep the PCs occupied, the Zhentarim cleric begins casting spells from the top of the right boulder.

Zhentarim Cleric, Priest of Cyric: AC 2 (Plate and shield); MV 6; HD 5; hp 23; THACO 16; Dmg 2-8 +2; SA Spells; SD Spells; SZ M.

He carries a *flail +1*. Spells in memory: *cause light wounds, curse, cure light wounds* x2, *sanctuary, hold person* x2, *silence 15' radius, heat metal, cause disease, animate dead.*

The cleric will have his *sanctuary* cast before the battle begins, and anyone trying to attack him must make a saving throw versus spells to do so.

All of the creatures except the cleric fight to the death. Note that the trolls have a −4 to hit any of the characters.

Encounter Three: Amnish Outpost

It is the evening of your fourth day of travel. You have made your way through the ridge, and are now on a main crossroads. There is an Amnish outpost here, a small tent-town that has sprung up outside the garrison. Several caravans are stopped here. There is a garrison of several hundred guards nearby, apparently keeping the trade roads open. You are stopped and asked your business.

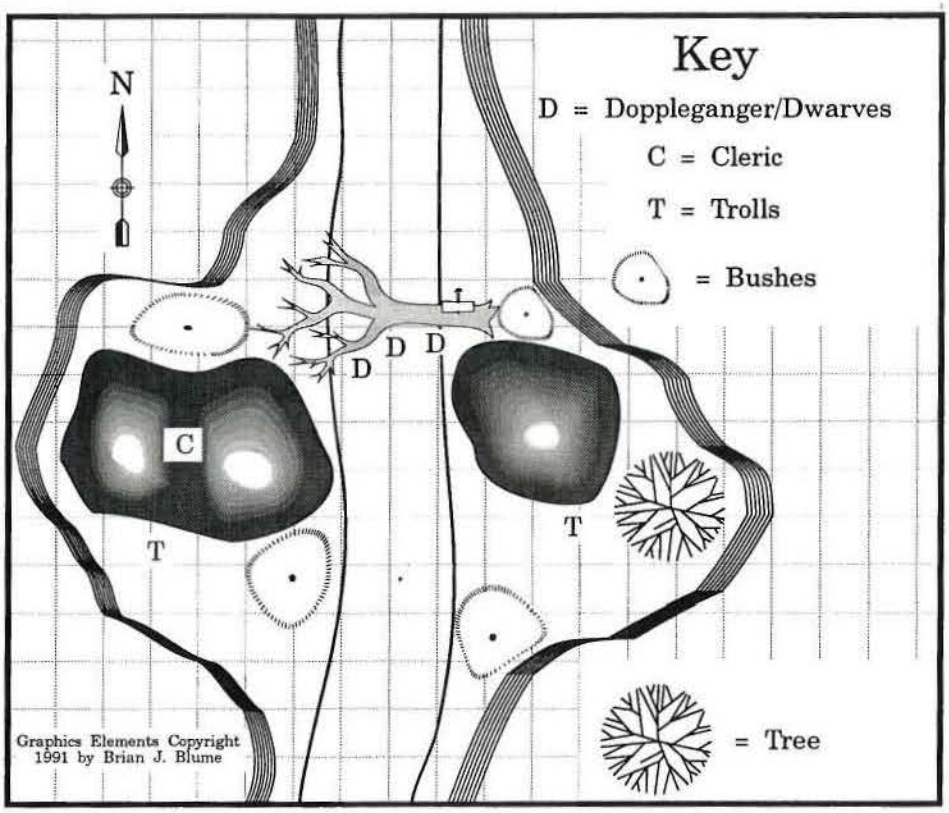
If the party mentions trading, the guards invite them to camp in the caravan area. Business rules in Amn, and no one knows who might be the next millionaire. If Burrowville Blueleaf is mentioned, eyebrows will be raised. There hasn't been Blueleaf in Amn for three years.

The party will be invited to set up their wagons in between a caravan of leather goods and a mule train belonging to a gem merchant. The leader of the leather goods' caravan, a human named Hulsef Micadot, is friendly and talkative. The gem merchant is sullen and silent. The mule train has 20 guards—half of them are alert and watchful at all times.

Hulsef invites the characters to eat with him, and all the while he talks animatedly of leather working and the joys of cowhide. He is friendly, but incredibly dull. Just remember, on any comment made or question asked, Hulsef immediately thinks of how it relates to leather. For example, if asked about the road to Keczulla, Hulsef will recall the fine leather he purchased in Keczulla three years ago.

After finally getting Hulsef off to bed, you are hailed from the dark. A clear voice, speaking Halfling, rings out: "Hello the wagon. Would you allow a couple of fellow halflings the honor of sharing your fire?"

The halflings introduce themselves as Murrey Undervale and Horace Willowwood. They lie that they serve with a sling company in the garrison and are out looking for someone to drink with.



"We don't see many of our kind here," they say. "What brings you out this way?"

Upon hearing about the Burrowville Blueleaf, they become excited, crying out "Drinks are on us." They dig for corncob pipes and sit looking expectantly. They produce a wineskin full of fine ale, and another of fine dandelion wine. They both drink plenty of each, and even if no Blueleaf is forthcoming, will share the ale and wine with everyone. They have stories of the gem mines to the northeast, the trolls to the east, and the road to the south, which is said to be clear and in fine condition. If the characters have lost any mules, Murrey and Horace offer to sell replacements for just a few pounds of the Blueleaf. The party should be prepared to enjoy an evening of fine drinking, smoking, and companionship.

Murrey and Horace are 6th level neutral halfling thieves, who have been *geased* by a Zhentarim wizard to deliver a wagonload of Blueleaf to Zhentarim headquarters. The thieves do not wish to kill anyone, so they have laced the wine and ale with a very strong paralytic poison. Anyone drinking it will fall into a deep sleep for 2-8 hours. If a saving throw versus poison is made, paralysis is only 2-12 turns. Murrey and Horace have built up a tolerance to this poison over a number of years, and will suffer no effects from it.

What to do if one of the characters won't drink: As the characters begin to fall asleep, Horace attempts to use a sap on any characters not poisoned. Murrey uses poisoned darts. As a last resort, the wizard, who is lurking *invisibly* nearby, can use a *power word stun* from a scroll to subdue the fighting character. Additional spells on the scroll are *hold monster* and *hold person*.

Horace Willowwood: Int Average; AL Neutral; AC 5; MV 6; HD 6 (T6); hp 23; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg D 1-6 (short sword), 1-4 (dagger), 1-3 (sling); SZ S.

Horace carries 20 sling bullets and a heavily-weighted sap.

Murrey Undervale: Int Average; AL Neutral; AC 4; MV 6; HD 6 (T6); hp 30; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (short sword); SZ S.

Murrey carries a *short sword +1* and 10 darts coated with sleep poison.

Zemenar, Zhentarim wizard: Int Exceptional; AL Lawful Evil; AC 2; MV 12; HD 11 (M11); hp 19; THAC0 17; #AT 1; D 1-4 (dagger); S M.

Zemenar wears *bracers of defense AC 2* and carries a *wand of paralyzation* (11 charges), and a scroll with: two *power word stun*, and one each of *hold monster* and *hold person.*

Spells: *Magic missile* (x3), *detect magic, spook, blindness, blur, invisibility* (x2), *web, hold person* (x2), *lightning bolt* (x2), *wall of fire, polymorph other, fire charm, hold monster* (x2), *wall of force.*

Zemenar does not want to kill anyone this close to the outpost. A murder might start a bigger uproar than the Zhentarim want. He will use disabling spells as needed, and will try to escape if his life seems in danger.

Encounter 4: The Morning After

You awake with splitting headaches. All of the ponies, the mules, the wagon, and the blueleaf are gone. You have been robbed! Halfling thieves!

If they ask Hulsef about the incident, he says that the wagon pulled out some hours ago. He was asleep in his wagon and only heard it leave.

Inquiries of the guards reveals only that the wagon left early this morning, driven by two "short guys." It headed east.

If Ally uses his tracking ability he can find the wagon's trail; it is heading east toward the Troll Mountains. The party will not be able to buy ponies at this outpost, although they are told that Keczulla is sure to have some, just five days walk to the south.

Encounter 5: Smoke Gets in Your Eyes

As you head east in pursuit of your stolen wagon, you see an ominous sight. A pillar of blue smoke reaches into the sky ahead of you. You hurry forward the next few miles and come upon a horrid sight. Badger's wagon is tipped over on its side, with the mules laying dead and burnt. The blueleaf is still in the wagon, but it is charred and useless, too. Several bodies appear to be strewn about the wagon.

Investigation reveals that Horace Willowwind is dead, as is Zemenar (possibly unknown to the players, until now). The wizard is lying torn and broken about fifty feet away from the wagon. There are several large red scales laying in the area, and holes where some sort of acidic substance has burned into the rock.

If the characters search the wagon they find the wounded, but conscious, Murrey Undervale. He pleads with the characters not to kill him, as the wizard made him steal the Blueleaf. With the wizard dead, Murrey is free of the *geas*, and he can tell the whole story.

The wagon was accosted by a young and rather foolish copper dragon. The dragon attempted to talk to Zemenar, wanting to share riddles. Zemenar panicked and hit the dragon with a *lightning bolt* at point blank range. The dragon fell and broke his wing, but his claws and teeth were still more than a match for the wizard. After the wizard was dead, the dragon breathed acid on the wagon, killing Horace. Murrey rolled under the wagon at the last minute. Wounded severely, the dragon headed for his lair on foot.

Murrey tells the PCs the truth about last night, the poison, the wizard, and the Zhentarim involvement. He is not a member of the Zhentarim, and neither was Horace.

If no one thinks of it, Murrey will suggest the PCs follow the dragon, and he offers to go along and help. He wants revenge for Horace, who was his cousin. (He also wants an equal share of the dragon's treasure.)

Encounter 6: The Climb In

You have been following the dragon for an hour now, and have found a lot of bloodstains. Suddenly the bloodstains end, and so does the trail. You come to a cliff face, 200 feet tall. The bloodstains stop 50 feet from the cliff face.

The rock face is unbroken, although the bloodstains stop at the base of the cliff. If the party looks around they notice that about 60 or 70 feet straight up, the rock is scratched, and there are bloodstains. Investigation reveals an *illusionary wall* spell that is hiding the entrance to a tunnel. The scratches indicate the place where the dragon scrambled into the lair. The rock face can be climbed normally by the thieves. Several of the party members have ropes, and the party should be able to ascend without serious mishaps.

The tunnel you finally reach is about 30 feet wide and 40 feet high. It has numerous branches, but the bloodstains continue to lead you, this time down.

Encounter 7: Tricks and Traps

After about 150′ of winding tunnel, the party encounters a deadfall trap. There is a section of the floor which appears to be a buried boulder. If more than 20 and less than 400 pounds is placed on this boulder, a huge rock drops from the ceiling, doing 4-40 points of damage to anyone in a 10′ radius below. Allow affected characters to roll under their Dexterity for half damage.

If the thieves or the dwarf are actively searching, they will have normal chances to detect this trap. It can be easily negated by having all the characters step on it at once, thereby exceeding the 400 pounds.

The party next reaches a very deadly trap—for humans.

You continue along the tunnel when you here a voice shout, "Now!" and a large scythe whips through the air above you.

Murphy feels the blade pass just above him, and then the scythe hits the wall with a "thunk." Anyone taller than five feet would now be a head shorter.

Encounter 8: Bullseye

You continue down, pausing only when you hear a loud "kaboom!" It is followed by resonant, rough laughter. Deep voices are speaking in an unknown language. As you proceed forward, the tunnel opens into a large cave. There are four gray and tan-skinned giants here, two on each side of the cave. As you peek into the

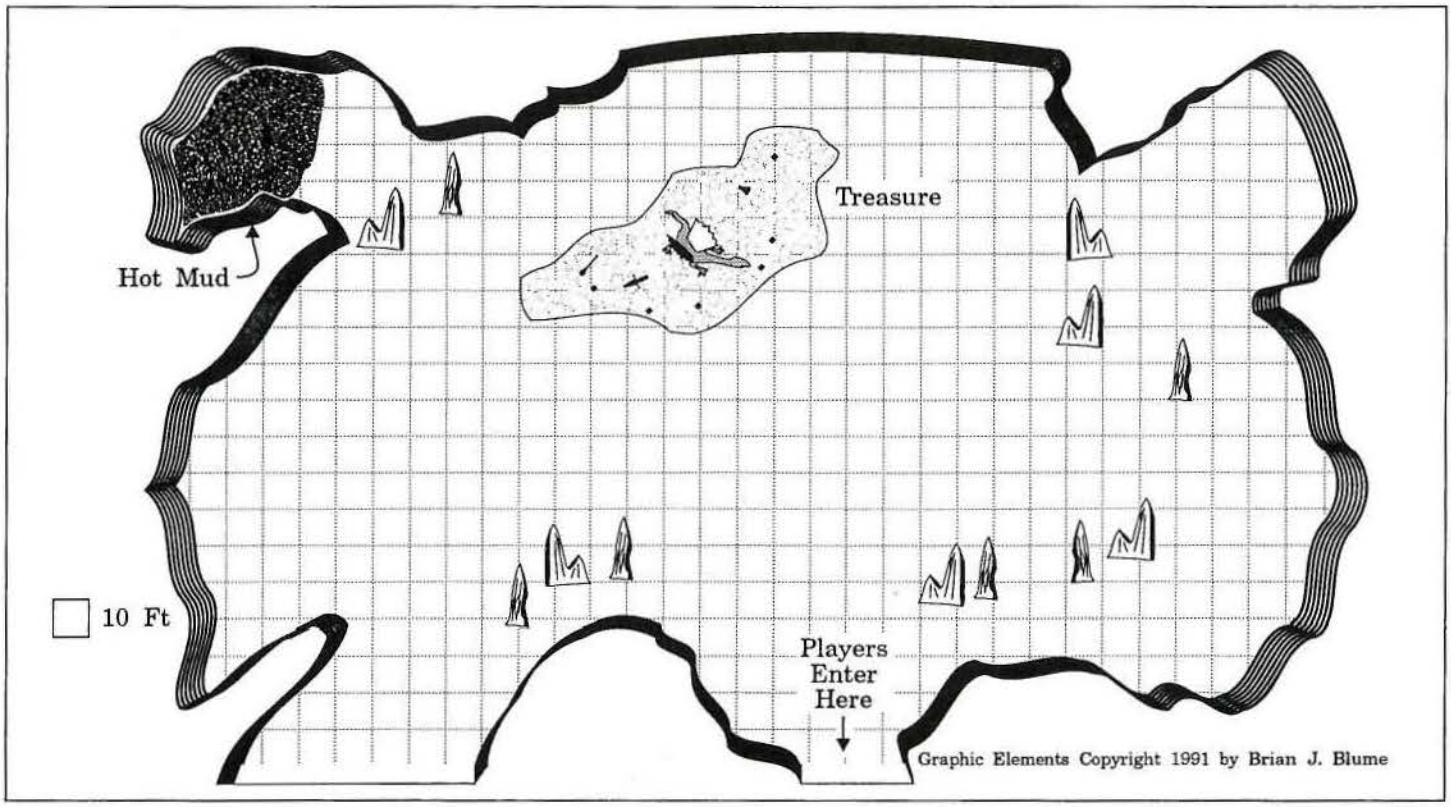


Photo Credit Here

chamber, you see one of the giants wind up and throw a boulder at another giant. The target ducks, but is hit. The giant who threw the rock cheers loudly, while another giant next to him slaps him on the back. The giants have not noticed you. Across the cave the tunnel continues, sloping sharply down.

These stone giants are the dragon's friends, and they help guard his cave. The giants, despite their game, are very alert and will certainly spot the party if they try to sneak across the cave.

When the giants spot the party, they will not attack immediately. Instead they yell in very crude Common, "Little guys. Hey, guys, watcha want in a dragon's cave? Can you guys throw rocks?"

Since the halflings can certainly throw rocks, they are challenged to a rock tossing contest. At first the giants suggest hurling rocks at each other, but the characters probably won't go for that. If they do, go ahead and let them. It could hurt, though.

Then the giants suggest throwing rocks at a bullseye. If the party can win, they won't get eaten.

The Throwing Contest

One of the giants scratches a pair of crude circles on a wall of the cave. The bullseye is a full foot across, and the outer ring is four feet wide. The thrower's line is 150 feet away from the target. Each participant gets three throws. Bullseyes count 2 points, and a hit anywhere else in the target is worth 1 point. The team with the highest total will be the winner.

The party must choose four team members. The size of the target means that a bullseye is equivalent to AC 6, and the target itself is AC 10. The distance is considered long range (−5), but the PCs can find plenty of small stones perfect for throwing. All of the halflings receive a +1 bonus to their "to hit" rolls.

For the giants, the bullseye is much smaller, figuratively speaking, and will be harder to hit. The bullseye is AC 0, and the target is AC 4. The giants are at short range.

Giant, Stone (4): Int Average; AL Neutral; AC 0; MV 12; HD 14 + 1-3 hit points; hp 78, 70, 70, 66; THAC0 7; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 or by weapon (2-12+8); SA Hurling rocks for 3-30 (3d10); SD Special; SZ H.

If the party wins, the giants immediately begin blaming each other, and soon begin throwing stones at each other. The party may slip out unnoticed now.

If the party loses, the giants begin clapping each other on the back and congratulating each other. They will take huge drinks from wineskins. If the party acts quickly they may slip out while the giants are occupied.

When the giants notice the little guys are gone, they assume the party went back outside.

Encounter 9: Dragon At Last

You continue to descend. You have detected and bypassed two more of the deadfall traps. You must be getting close. Then you hear breathing. It is the rasping of something large gasping for air. You hear a voice, speaking Common. "Oh no, now it's little adventurers! This is turning out to be a really bad day." You round

the corner and see a coppery-hued dragon laying on a bed of gold and silver pieces.

Dragon, Copper (Florizzilikar) (1): Int Very; AL Chaotic Good; AC −2; MV (currently 9); HD 14; hp 98 (currently 12); THAC0 4; #AT 3 + special; Dmg 1-6+5/1-6+5/5-20+5; SA Special; SD Immune to acid; MR 10%; SZ G.

Florizzilikar can breathe every three rounds. The breath weapon can be either a 30′ by 20′ by 20′ cloud of *slow* gas, or a 70′ long by 5′ wide spurt of acid for 10d6+5.

Spells: *Spider climb, neutralize poison* (x3), *stone shape* (x2), *magic missile* (4 missiles), *charm person*

The dragon knows that ordinarily the party is no match for him, but in his wounded, flightless state, he will be careful.

Allow the players time to react. Depending on their actions, there are several possibilities:

- If the PCs attack, the dragon will not be surprised and immediately breathes on the largest number of PCs possible. He then uses *magic missile* on a spell caster, while closing with any fighter types. He attempts to finish off the toughest fighter quickly (probably the dwarf), and then uses his claws and his bite on the remaining spell casters.
- If the PCs try to talk to the dragon, he will use *clairvoyance* on them. Play the dragon as arrogant, very sure of himself, and amused at an adventuring party of short people. He is also hurting and cranky. But he has lost a lot of his foolishness today, and will put up with comments that ordinarily would dare him to use his breath weapon. If the PCs tell him of their plight, he offers a contest. If they can win the riddling game, he will lend them enough gold to pay off the mortgage. The party must swear to return in a year with three times that amount. If they lose, he gets to keep their magic. The dragon realizes he is very hurt and won't willingly fight. He is sure he could take the party, but if he missed just one, a lucky spell could finish him off. He is wearing an amulet with a *dimension door* on it. If seriously threatened, the dragon uses the amulet to reach the stone giants for help.

Encounter 10: The Riddling Game

The riddling game is an old and honored custom, especially among copper dragons. Tell the players their characters are familiar with it. Both sides will come up with a riddle. The party must answer the dragon's riddle correctly, and then stump the dragon with their riddle. Five minutes is all the time allowed to come up with the answer.

Riddle 1: In your eyes causes blindness,
In your nose,
just a sneeze,
Yet some suck this down
As they please.

Answer: Smoke

Riddle 2: What is there, full and lively,
but not there at all.
Can't be touched, felt, or handled,
but can do all of those to you.

Answer: Illusion

Riddle 3: This stands alone,
with no bones or solid form.
Adamant, it prospers, never wrong,
though it may hurt.
Twistable, malleable,
but always straight and true.

Answer: Truth

If the party wins, the dragon will be delighted, because he will have learned a new riddle. He demands a strict accounting of any monies being taken. If one of the thieves attempts to filch something extra, you may roll a normal pickpocket roll. If it succeeds, the thief may leave with the treasure. However, in three days the dragon will notice something missing and will show up on the PCs' trail. He will ask for it back—now.

The Dragon's Treasure

20,000 silver pieces (5,000 of them Tarans); 10,000 gold pieces (6,000 of them Danters); 1,500 platinum Roldons (in 3 large sacks); 10 trade bars marked 500 danters each from a well-known trading house; 12 matched turquoise studded drinking cups worth 150 gp each; 27 various gems (turquoise, agates, catseyes) worth an average of 72 gp each; two wagonloads of silk worth 2,000 gold pieces; *short sword +2*; scroll of *protection from cold; elixir of health;* cursed scroll, save vs. magic or be *polymorphed* into a dragonfly; 15 *arrows +1;* and a *ring of shocking grasp.*

When the characters have successfully defeated the dragon, they make their way back to Burrowville.

If time permits, one of the monsters from the random list may attack the characters on the way back.

Home As Heroes

The party is welcomed back as heroes. The feast of the year is thrown, and all of the characters are made Honorary Town Council members and Knights of Burrowville.

Malakii returns to civilian life, happy to have adventured one more time. He serves on the town council for many more years, and eventually is elected mayor.

Badger begins to realize there is a time and a place for pranks, and is then invited to join the adventuring company, rising to become a valuable member of the group.

Shirl finally forgives Badger for the gooseberry incident and the two become great friends.

Verna never does learn to control her "sticky fingers," but continues to improve as a thief. She, Shirl, and Badger get into more trouble than ever.

Murphy is awarded a lifetime supply of Burrowville Blueleaf, although this does not quite make up for having another thief and troublemaker in the party. Still, they are basically good kids at heart.

Ally goes on to become one of the most famous halfling fighters on the Sword Coast. But his mother still brings him fresh handkerchiefs.

And then there's the matter of 36,000 gold danters they owe to a copper dragon. ❑

Murphy Ironfist

7th Level Male Dwarf Priest of Moradin

STR: 18
INT: 11
WIS: 17
DEX: 11
CON: 16
CHR: 10

AC Normal: 0
AC Rear: 2
Hit Points: 53
Alignment: Lawful Neutral
Languages: Common, Dwarvish, Halfling, Gnomish, read/write Dwarvish, Halfling
THACO: 16

Age: 167
Height: 4'1"
Weight: 165 lbs.
Hair/Eyes: Brown/Brown

Weapon Proficiencies: Warhammer, mace, flail, hammer (thrown)
NonWeapon Proficiencies: Weaponsmith (7), stonemasonry (15), blindfighting, religion (17), cooking (11)

Magic Items: *Plate mail +1, shield +1, warhammer +2,* scroll with the following spells at 12th level: *cure disease, barkskin, cure critical wounds, bless, detect evil*
Spells/day: 5 5 3 1
Equipment: Backpack, two bars of soap, two sets of clean clothes, small silver hammer (holy symbol), three flasks of oil, tinderbox, two vials holy water, ivory pipe in the shape of a hammer, wineskin, two bottles of rum, pouch of Burrowville Blueleaf.
Wealth Carried: 65 silver tarans, 33 gold danters, 16 platinum roldons.

As a priest of Moradin, you have major access to the spheres of Combat, Guardian, Healing, Necromancy, and Elemental (stone and fire related only) and minor access to Protection, Divination.

Additional Daily Spells: *bless, detect evil, purify food & drink, light, detect lie*

Altered Spell: The 2nd level spell *flame blade* becomes a *flame hammer* for priests of Moradin

Restriction: May not turn undead

Weapon Specialization Bonus: Because priests of Moradin concentrate on the warhammer, a priest receives the effect of weapon specialization with a warhammer only. Bonuses are +1 to

Malakii Farseer

7th Level Male Halfling Diviner

STR: 16
INT: 18
WIS: 16
DEX: 12
CON: 15
CHR: 10

AC Normal: 8
AC Rear: 8
Hit Points: 20
Alignment: Lawful Neutral
Languages: Common, Halfling, Thorass (Amn trade language), Gnome, Read/Write Common, Halfling, Thorass
THACO: 16

Age: 96
Height: 2'7"
Weight: 70 lbs.
Hair/Eyes: Gray/Brown

Weapon Proficiencies: Dagger, staff, sling
NonWeapon Proficiencies: Astrology (18), spellcraft (19), appraising (18), herbalism (19), weather sense (16), gaming (10)

Magic Items: *Ring of protection +2, wand of lightning* (10 charges), scroll with the following spells at 11th level: *fireball, vampiric touch, enchanted weapon, spectral hand, telekinesis*
Spells/day: 4 3 2 1 (plus one extra divination spell of each level)
Equipment: Cloak, beltpouch, wineskin, soap, washcloth, towel, spare astrology charts, tarot deck, set of knucklebones, corncob pipe, pouch of Burrowville Green, five days' rations, leather backpack, spell components, traveling spellbooks, paper and ink, quill pen, tinderbox.
Wealth Carried: 15 silver tarans, 12 gold danters, two pearls worth 100 gp each.

Traveling Spellbooks

Level One

detect magic
feather fall
identify
read magic
audible glamer
light
hypnotism
Tensor's floating disc

Level Two

continual light
detect invisibility
magic mouth
ESP
levitate
detect evil

Shirl Jeweljan

7th Level Female Gnome Illusionist

STR: 10
INT: 18
WIS: 12
DEX: 17
CON: 16
CHR: 14

AC Normal: 1
AC Rear: 4
Hit Points: 19
Alignment: Neutral Good
Languages: Common, Gnome, Halfling, Dwarf, Elvish, read/write Gnome, Halfling, Elvish
THACO: 19

Age: 86
Height: 3'1"
Weight: 80 lbs.
Hair/Eyes: Brown/Blue

Weapon Proficiencies: Dagger, staff, dart
NonWeapon Proficiencies: Seamstress (18), appraisal (17), ventriloquism (19), gem cutting (19), spellcraft (19), sculpture (12)

Magic Items: *Bracers of defense AC 4, wand of paralyzation* (9 charges remaining), *Nolzur's marvelous pigments* (two jars), *bag of holding* (weight limit 500 pounds, 70 cubic feet), scroll of five spells at 13th level: *seeming, burning hands, glitterdust, improved invisibility, disintegrate*
Spells/day:4 3 2 1 (plus one per level from the school of illusion)
Equipment: Cloak, beltpouch, wineskin, perfumed soap, washcloth, towel, traveling spell books, two sets of fine clothes, spare cloak (stained purple), needle and thread, five days' rations, 20 darts (in a case), leather backpack, silver jeweled dagger, spell components, hammer and chisel.
Wealth Carried: 52 gold danters, 14 platinum roldons, two agates worth 120 gp each.

Traveling Spellbooks

Level One

detect magic
phantasmal force
read magic
taunt
feather fall
hypnotism
sleep
spook

Level Two

alter self
blur
levitate
blindness
invisibility
summon swarm

Level Three

flame arrow
hold person
Sepia snake sigil
invisibility
phantom steed
spectral force

Level Four

dimension door
Evard's black tentacles
improved invisibility
rainbow pattern

You are a happy-go-lucky gnome. After all, life should be fun, but neat. If it can't be done without getting messy, it shouldn't be done at all. That's why you took up illusions. It allowed you to adventure without getting all messy. And your illusions are so pretty.

As a member of the "Short People" company, you are the resident mage. The others all depend on you, and you always know just what to do. You four have been together for five years now, and have been very successful. Right now you are on a vacation in Burrowville, the home town of Ally and Verna. It's been fun, but with the summons to the council meeting, it sounds as if your vacation is over.

The others summoned to the meeting are: Ally Thistledown, the leader of your group; Verna Burrtoes, your best friend in the whole world; Murphy, the straitlaced dwarf; Malakii Farseer, the old halfling mage; and Theodore "Badger" Thistledown, Ally's kid brother and a real brat. The little creep once ruined one of your outfits by dumping a bucket of gooseberries on your head.

Level Three

clairvoyance
dispel magic
tongues
clairaudience
hold person
Melf's minute meteors

Level Four

magic mirror
wizard eye
detect scrying
fumble

You are unique. A halfling mage. And a divination specialist at that. Of course, you didn't start out that way. You were once a human mage. But then you decided you were knowledgeable enough to start making your own potions. Something must have gotten switched in the mixing process, because when you tried out one of the potions you ended up like this. You thought that you would just have to wait until it wore off, but that was 40 years ago. For a while you tried to dispel the magic every day, but always unsuccessfully. Now you wouldn't know how to be a human anymore. And you get more respect as a "halfling" seer than you ever did as a human. In fact, the whole town comes to you for advice.

Fortunately, your experiences have taught you much about life. You never hesitate to share your wisdom with anyone who asks. Or who doesn't ask. Looking at both sides of the story is your strong suit. Many of the younger halflings look up to you as a father figure, and you enjoy the attention.

As the smartest person in town, you have been a member of the town council almost since you first settled in Burrowville (40 years ago). Now, the town is in trouble.

hit, +2 to damage, 3 attacks every 2 rounds.

You are a priest of Moradin, and you serve the Soul-Bringer above all things. But when you can, you like to help your friends. The halflings of Burrowville have been good to you. Two of the members of your adventuring company were born here. They have families here. You don't know what all the excitement is about, but you are willing to check it out. As a servant of the great Moradin, you place your faith in the law above all. The Soul-bringer does not allow straying, in either word or deed.

You were a young dwarf, headed for a career as a fighter. Then you got into a drunken fight with another dwarf over a gold cup. You punched him and broke his neck! That experience changed you. You swore you would never lift a hand against another member of your own race. You took up the worship of the Soulforger, and began adventuring for the greater glory of Moradin. You have not returned to your home in more than 100 years. Now that you have found a friend like Ally, you may never need to.

As an adventurer in the "Short Persons" adventuring group, you find yourself in a unique situation. You are the tallest one in the party. This is great! And as often as you hear it, you'll never get tired of "How's the weather up there?" The group consists of yourself, Ally (the leader), Shirl Jeweljan (a gnome), and Verna, the thief in the party. At first you were uneasy about traveling with a thief. Verna has been an honorable thief, never stealing from the poor, but instead using her skills to help you thwart lawlessness.

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Verna Burrtoes

7th Level Female Halfling Thief

STR: 11
INT: 12
WIS: 12
DEX: 17
CON: 15
CHR: 14

AC Normal: 3
AC Rear: 6
Hit Points: 28
Alignment: Neutral Good
Languages: Common, Thieves' Cant, Halfling, Dwarvish, Gnomish, read/write Halfling
THACO: 17

Age: 62
Height: 3'4"
Weight: 62 lbs.
Hair/Eyes: Brown/Blue

Weapon Proficiencies: Dagger, Sling, Short sword
NonWeapon Proficiencies: Appraisal (12), riding (pony) (15), drinking (15), gaming (14), forgery (16)
Magic Items: *Dagger +2 longtooth, bracers of defense AC 6, ring of spider*

Ally Thistledown

7th Level Male Halfling Fighter

STR: 17
INT: 14
WIS: 12
DEX: 16
CON: 15
CHR: 15

AC Normal: -1
AC Rear: 3
Hit Points: 63
Alignment: Neutral Good
Languages: Common, Halfling, Dwarvish, Gnomish, read/write Halfling
THACO: 14

Age: 49
Height: 3'4"
Weight: 165 lbs.
Hair/Eyes: Black/Brown

Weapon Proficiencies: Short sword (specialized), short bow, sling, dagger, throwing knife
NonWeapon Proficiencies: Blind-fighting, fire-fighting (13), tracking (12)
Magic Items: *Chain mail +2, short sword +1, buckler +1, sling of seeking +2, potion of invulnerability*

Theodore "Badger" Thistledown

Male Halfling Fighter/Thief 4th/5th

STR: 18
INT: 10
WIS: 10
DEX: 18
CON: 16
CHR: 14

AC Normal: 4
AC Rear: 8
Hit Points: 40
Alignment: Chaotic Good
Languages: Common, Thieves' Cant, Halfling, Thorass (trade language of Amn)
THACO: 17

Age: 30
Height: 3'5"
Weight: 71 lbs.
Hair/Eyes: Brown/Blue

Weapon Proficiencies: Dagger, knife, hand axe, short bow, short sword, sling, hand axe, throwing knife
NonWeapon Proficiencies: Riding (pony) (10), tightrope walking (18), wagon driving (16), appraisal (11), animal

handling (mules) (9).
Magic Items: *Dagger +1, +2 vs. larger than man-sized creatures, potion of extra-healing, potion of polymorph self* (You are saving this for a really big joke on someone)
Equipment: Short sword, throwing knife, handaxe, sling, 20 sling bullets , 50′ rope, two flasks of oil, leather backpack, five small sacks, tinderbox, waterskin, thieves' picks, leather armor, two overripe tomatoes, jar of huckleberry jelly, two loaves journey bread, small live garter snake (your friend, Larry), spare set of trousers.
Wealth Carried: 37 copper fandars, 12 silver tarans, (you also count your wagon and four mules among your riches).

Thief Abilities

PP	OL	MS	HN	HS	CW	RL
30	45	35	60	50	60	—

Note: On your caravan travels, you picked up enough Thorass to be understood. It's a very tough language for you to learn, and you are told you speak it with a terrible accent.

Golly, a summons to the town council meeting. This could be exciting. Maybe you'll finally get a chance to show your brother and his friends just how great you are. You've been trying to get them to let you join the "Short People" adventuring group for a while now.

Normal Equipment: Backpack, belt-pouch, waterskin, two throwing knives (one in back of collar, one on belt), two sets of spare clothes, five days' rations, two flasks of elderberry wine, dagger (on belt), 20 silver sling bullets, "Short People" company charter, tinderbox
Wealth Carried: 25 silver tarans, 12 gold danters, 3 platinum roldons.

As the leader of the "Short People" adventuring company, you have a lot of responsibility. And you take it seriously. Your adventuring group consists of Verna, a halfling thief, Shirl, a gnome mage, and Murphy, a priest of Moradin. Because of their skills, and your leadership, you have done well. You are almost as well known as Halfling Inc., the most famous adventuring group of your race.

You enjoy being the leader, but once in a while it is nice to kick back and have fun. This vacation has been excellent, but now it may be over. Your group has been summoned to the town council meeting this morning. The mayor requested that you bring your pesky kid brother "Badger" along. Geez Louise, it's bad enough to have to cut your vacation short, but to have a guy's kid brother along just isn't fair. You left a note for your mom. She may have something to say about this.

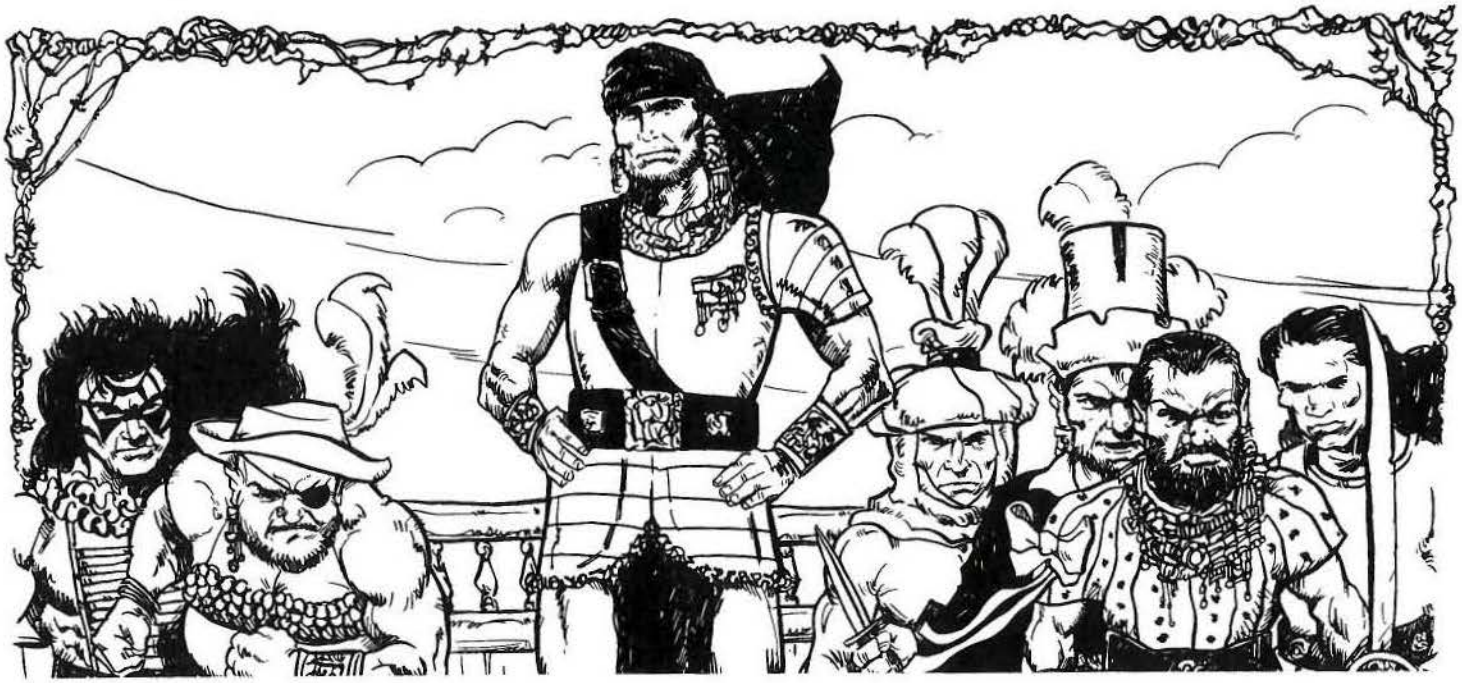
climbing (35 charges), *pouch of accessibility, potion of healing*
Normal Equipment: 50′ rope, two flasks of oil, leather backpack, five small sacks, tinderbox, waterskin, two sets of thieves picks (one hidden in hair), 20 sling bullets, sling, two bottles of cheap wine, bottle of brandy, quill pen, two bottles of ink, two sets of dark clothes, set of partying clothes (bright blue), set of knucklebones, set of loaded knucklebones (roll 7's 75% of the time).
Wealth Carried: 17 gold danters, small opal (48 gp), ruby (1,000 gp), jeweled silver hairpin (32 gp).

Thief Abilities

PP	OL	MS	HN	HS	CW	RL
75	55	65	70	45	55	5

You are a working thief. When you work, you work hard. When you party, you party harder. You can outdrink anyone in town except maybe the dwarf. And he's so stuffy, he probably couldn't get drunk if he tried.

You are a natural con artist. If it wasn't for that straitlaced dwarf, you could be extremely rich by now. He's always spoiling your cons, insisting on truth above all. You keep in practice by pickpocketing stuff and then putting it back! It's gotten you in trouble a few times, but you don't care.



Cthulhu vs. Lakefront City!

The GANGBUSTERS™ Game Meets Call Of Cthulhu

by Dale A. Donovan

Imagine you're a beat cop, tramping out your life while trying to keep the docks safe from the underworld lowlife. Gangsters, bootleggers, hit men—you've faced them all. But none of them have prepared you for what you'll face tonight—because what you'll face tonight isn't human! What you'll face tonight is—Cthulhu himself!

With the 1990 release of TSR's revised GANGBUSTERS™ game, the role-playing opportunities and background material concerning the Prohibition era (1920s and early 1930s) has never been greater. Another great game set in the same era is Chaosium's Call Of Cthulhu. Although the two games deal with different subject matter, it only makes sense to combine them for a little inter-game fun.

Taking characters from one game system to another is not a new idea. The AD&D® game's first edition *Dungeon Master's Guide* gives conversion methods to transform your AD&D game characters to the GAMMA WORLD® game and original BOOT HILL® game. This article follows in that tradition.

The Basics

The first step is to convert one game's character statistics into a form that is usable with the game you wish to play.

The GANGBUSTERS system is unusual in that a character's statistics are not all on the same scale. Three statistics (Muscle, Agility, and Observation) are on a weighted percentile system, and a character's other statistics use at least three other scales. This can make conversion a difficult job, but if you follow the steps below, you shouldn't have a problem. The following paragraphs break down a GANGBUSTERS game character by statistics and demonstrate how to convert each statistic into the corresponding Call of Cthulhu statistic.

Note: You will come up with fractional numbers. It is up to the game master to determine if any rounding of the numbers generated is allowed. I recommend GMs allow players to round up any fractions of .5 or higher, and round down any fractions of less than .5. Also note that no Call of Chtulhu statistic is allowed above or below the normal range for that ability. Check the Cthulhu rule book for the dice rolled (and hence, the ranges) for each ability.

Muscle: This statistic will be used to determine the Cthulhu statistics of Strength (STR), Constitution (CON), and is a major factor in determining Size. To convert this percentage score to Cthulhu's STR and CON, divide by five and roll once on the Statistic Modifier Chart below for each Cthulhu statistic.

To determine the Cthulhu statistic of Size, take the character's STR, and add the GANGBUSTERS game's Punching statistic. This is the Cthulhu character's Size.

Agility: This statistic, after being divided by five and modified by one roll on the Statistic Modifier Chart, becomes the Cthulhu statistic of Dexterity.

Observation: Divided by five (but not modified by a roll on the Statistic Modifier Chart), this statistic becomes the Cthulhu statistic of Intelligence.

This Intelligence statistic is then modified by one roll on the Statistic Modifier Chart to determine the Cthulhu statistic of Education.

Presence: Add 1d4 +4 to this statistic and you have the character's Cthulhu statistic of Appearance.

Luck: Divide this ability by 2.5, round off according to the GM's instructions, and roll once on the Statistic Modifier Chart to determine the Cthulhu statistic of Power.

Driving: For simplicity, this percentage becomes the Cthulhu driving skill.

Punching: As mentioned above, add this to the character's Cthulhu STR score to determine the Cthulhu statistic Size.

Hit points: GANGBUSTERS system characters tend to have pretty good hit points when compared to Cthulhu characters, and I suggest using this statistic as is to represent Cthulhu hit points. After all, when confronting the Cthulhu mythos, your GANGBUSTERS game characters are going to need all the help they can get.

To convert Cthulhu characters to GANGBUSTERS, merely reverse the above procedures—multiply where I say to divide, etc.

Completing The Conversion

Now that you have all the basic Cthulhu statistics, use them to determine such secondary characteristics as Sanity, Magic Points, etc., as per the Cthulhu rule book.

Skills: If you converted moderate to very experienced GANGBUSTERS game system characters, then you can use their skills as Cthulhu skills. If, however, your GANGBUSTERS game characters are inexperienced (three or fewer skills), you may want to assign the player characters skills appropriate to their GANGBUSTERS game professions. Find a similar Cthulhu profession (note there are optional gangster and policeman Cthulhu professions) and either allow the players to roll skill levels, or assign the characters skill levels yourself.

Weapons: Since both of these games are set in the same era, just use the Cthulhu versions of your characters' weapons, or your best guesses about the weapons your GANGBUSTERS system characters regularly use.

Spells and mythos knowledge: Since GANGBUSTERS game characters have never encountered the Cthulhu mythos before, they will have a 0% Mythos knowledge score, and have access to no mythos spells.

You should now be ready to play. Enjoy the game, and the expressions on the faces of your players once they realize just what that big creature rising out of the lake really is!

Sources & Resources

Whether you prefer to play the GANGBUSTERS game or the Cthulhu system, the other game book has plenty of background information that can enhance your 1920s or 1930s campaign.

The GANGBUSTERS game book has extensive information on the law, law enforcement, Prohibition, and many crimes. Another great aid to any Prohibition-era campaign is the setting, Lakefront City. The GANGBUSTERS book has a large map of one of the city's districts, a ward map of the whole city, and cardboard counters to help visualize car chases, shoot-outs, etc. There is also

Continued on page 31

The Everwinking Eye

Daily Life in Mulmaster

by Ed Greenwood

"So I asked my master, "What city is this, where men float dead in the harbor and not a tree stands within the walls? And why look we upon this?"

And he answered me, "This is Mulmaster, a city of the Moonsea North. Look upon it, and know just how wretched human greed can be. This is a city driven by the lust for power and the greed for gold. Is it not splendid? Is it not matchless? Is it not a place you'd never willingly come within a week's hard riding of?"

My master was a wise man."

Aubaerus "The Ravenmaster,"
The View From Sember Heights
Year of the Shattered Oak

A hierophant druid's recollections of a boyhood visit to a younger city of Mulmaster tell us it hasn't changed much over the years. It has fostered—and been shaped by—a particular breed of people, a kind most folk prefer to avoid.

We've seen Mulmaster through Elminster's eyes thrice, now let's look at the home of these hard folk again. "One only comes to truly know an enemy by seeing where and how he lives," as the old Sword Coast North saying goes.

Festivals and High Society

Mulmaster observes all the annual festivals described on page 6 of *The FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set Cyclopedia,* although Higharvestide is known as "The Revel of the Reckoning," when every citizen's annual taxes are due. During the reckoning, the High Blade throws a huge feast ("on *our* money," many citizens mutter darkly). The High Blade also hosts a number of "Winter Revels" at his or her whim throughout the cold months. These may occur at any time, and usually are two-day affairs ("a day to revel, and a day to recover," as the innkeeper Thuskiir Moonthal tells visitors to the city).

Mulmasterites drink hot spiced cider, beer, blackbark tea, and various fortified wines for warmth throughout the year. Festivals and private parties let one have fun, let off steam, get rivals drunk to facilitate information gathering and deal making, and get the city's chilly dampness out of one's ever-shivering bones.

Taxation Eternal

Nobles and temples must pay a tax of 100 gp each year. Merchants must pay a tax of 10 gp on each caravan they sponsor, co-sponsor, or send goods on, and a tax of 20 gp a month for each ship they operate or charter. Merchants also are required to pay a personal tax of 5 gp a month, and collect a sales tax of 1 cp a transaction. There are more than 11,000 citizen merchants, and they in turn have nearly 100,000 employees and dependents—who each must pay a head tax of 6 sp a year. The people say this "head tax" is aptly named, because if you don't pay it, they chop off your head—or so the rumor goes.

The treasurer, the beauteous Zallara Maerghal (LE hf, 10th level wizardess of 17 intelligence and wisdom), is protected by Cloaks at all times. The treasury monies are hidden in various places around the Tower of the Wyvern and the Towers of the Blade, strongly protected by spells and monsters.

Dress and Fashion In the City

Dress in the usually cool or downright cold city of Mulmaster tends toward leggings, leather breeches, high lined boots, heavy leather gauntlet-style gloves, long cloaks, and fur head caps. In winter, Mulmasterites add fur overcloaks. For unusually cold conditions, they add fur aprons hung about the neck and chest and tied to belts. Such conditions include high winds or blizzards from across the Moonsea. The blizzards are known as "the Teeth of Thar come a-biting." The aprons are called maliskers; the origin of this name is unknown.

Korlar Thimmister is the most famous producer of cloaks, maliskers, and leggings; his designs set the winter fashions of Mulmaster. Summer fashions are set by nobles, wealthier merchants, and Blades wearing (and selling) what they fancy and can get from more southerly cities.

Many Zora of Mulmaster complain bitterly when their lords bring them dresses of gold coins linked like mail, and favored by the wealthy in much warmer places such as Tashluta, Tharsult, and the cities of Calimshan. Such garments are *cold* when one wears nothing else but boots and belt! In sheer self-defense, the women of Mulmaster have taken to wearing their hair long and full, to partially shield themselves against cold drafts indoors, and have adopted under-robes, usually of plain orange, red, green, or gold silk, lined with cotton.

We've seen much of the City of Danger in these past few visits with Elminster. He promises adventures set in the city next time! Until then, there's a lot of news:

Current Clack

* The wreck of a strange ship has been sighted on Lone Rock. This wooded, mountainous isle in the mouth of the Dragon Reach has been the grave of many a ship over the years. The low cedar and juniper bushes that cover the rocks around its edge are festooned with the remains of countless vessels.

A coaster out of Tulbegh, headed for Tsurlagol, recently sighted a ship caught amid the old spars, ribs, and planking. Its masts had fallen and its deck was twisted and broken. It is not unusual to see such wrecks in the mist that chronically shrouds this dangerous island. What is unusual is to see ships anywhere that seem to be made entirely of glass—or something else that one can see through. The crew aboard the transparent ship seemed to be elves or humans—very thin and tall—and they wore ornate, fluted armor of strange design. There has been no known ship made of glass or of something that looks anything like what the coaster's crew described. . .nor has there been any major ship reported lost or missing recently.

A known pirate ship, *The Black Serpent*, has been seen sailing hard northwest from The Windrace; news of the wreck has evidently gotten around.

* Daern Claundon, a famous dwarven adventurer of the Sword Coast North,

sometimes called "Orcbane" for his tireless hatred and tireless slaughter of orcs, is said to have returned in triumph to the small dwarven community within Tasseldale. Daern reports he has found a lost dwarven city in the depths of The Elven Court wood.

The long-forgotten ruins are said to lie somewhere west of Essembra, in the heart of the deepest woods—that damp, ever-misty region known as the Mosstrunks, south of The Vale of Lost Voices. It is not known how Daern found the ruins, what led him to search in the area, or precisely where (besides underground) they are—but Daern's obvious excitement makes it clear that the delve is in good condition, or contains riches and perhaps lost devices of power!

* A doppleganger has been unmasked in Reddansyr. For at least a dozen years the creature has been posing as the rotund, grasping local merchant Ornlaugh Turghle, a moneychanger, fleet owner, and dealer in ironmongery and fastenings of all sorts. What became of the real Ornlaugh is not known, although he is presumed long dead.

Folk who have bought locks or hinges from the false Turghle fear the mechanisms can be opened by dopplegangers—who will creep into their homes by night to slay, feed, and impersonate.

* Shaliim, Prince Royal of Lapaliiya, has ordered his heralds to add the name "Wyrmslayer" to his lineage and to the names of all issue he might have. Shaliim is the proud and wayward son of Mhartuk, the aged Overking of Lapaliiya. Mhartuk was once a lion of a man and a sorcerer of great power, one of the foremost fighting mages of the Realms. Now he is sunk in his dotage to a gentle scholar and player of board games.

The Prince, who has spent the past four seasons traveling Faerun as an adventurer, seeking thrills, achievements, and a wife, recently met and befriended some younger sons of the noble families of Waterdeep. This band of wealthy, magic-bedecked wildblades discovered an ancient *gate* in an upper room of a dancing house in the shadier streets of Dock Ward in Waterdeep. The portal led them to a network of *gates* that in the end took them to other planes and worlds.

On one of these worlds, the band encountered the Black Wyrms—a band of black dragons of great age, who ruled a kingdom of humans and dwarves. The wildblades were seized as slaves—and fought their way free. In the process, the hitherto undistinguished Shaliim displayed a fearless, ruthless recklessness in battle, leaping into the very jaws of a wyrm to slay it from within. The wildblade band, now scattered (most of its members in Waterdeep) returned to Faerun bearing much wealth, and strange and powerful magic. The Prince Royal has already slain several Calishite and Thayan thieves in his chambers in the Palace of the Prince in Lushpool since his return. Spies attest that one of the magical items the Prince brought back was a black-metal automaton fashioned in the shape of a curvaceous human female—but more powerful than an iron golem. The Prince is said to have ordered it to attack two such guardian golems, and it tore them apart in a brief, earth-shaking combat.

* The Dancing Dryads have been seen again in Chondalwood. This ring of laughing, leaping dryads is a rare phenomenon, and its appearance—hauntingly beautiful, say the few who have witnessed it down the ages—always heralds a great upheaval in the lands of Faerun. Its witness this time was the traveling bard Aglaera Rivenshaun, a flame-tressed, husky-voiced singer highly regarded in Chondath, Chessenta, and Turmish.

* An adventuring company in the independent port-city Myrmyr has found or developed a flying ship to rival the famous skyships of Halruaaa. Myrmyr lies on the Sunstrait, which links The Golden Water with The Great Sea.

The company, a band of warriors and mages known as The Ladies of Renown, is using the ship to assault their rivals' citadels by night. They descend on lines to attack the walled homes and domed fortresses of wizards in the city of Keltazzann. Most of the powerful wizards in the area are human females, and their feuds, intrigue, and ever-changing cabals are legendary. At least two of these rival groups, The Whip of Flames and The Sisters of the Moon, are known to have sent agents north and west to seek out new magic in Thay, Rashemen, Waterdeep, ruined Myth Drannor, Zhentil Keep, and anywhere else they can pry loose a spell or item of power. This is only the latest chapter in an endless struggle for wizardly supremacy that seems an end in itself. It has little impact on politics, social life, or rule in the region.

* Jonslyn Windtongue, a halfing thief of some fame who operates in Amn, Tethyr, The Nelanther, and occasionally along The Shining Sea coasts, is said to be on the run. The fugitive is somewhere in the Inner Sea lands of Faerun. He is fleeing from the consequences of his greatest achievement (so far), the theft of a Lantanna *spellweb*. This defensive weapon is said to feed on the magic of items and of spells—both cast and memorized. Spellcasters who enter a *spellweb* are *feebleminded* and lose the power to work magic for some years, perhaps forever.

Many *spellwebs* are rumored to be used as part of Lantan's defenses against pirates and invaders, and their secrets are jealously guarded by the Lantanna. Agents of the Ayrorch (the ruling Council of Twelve), known as The Hands of Gond, are said to be hotly pursuing Jonslyn. The agents are armed with magic weapons of strange properties and awesome power. The agents can be encountered anywhere, and in any form as *hats of disguise* are a basic item of Lantanna field equipment.

* A weaver in Hilp has discovered a Crypt of Dragons; this is a vast underground cavern-tomb containing several mummified dragon corpses, all carefully arranged atop piles of gold and gems. The dragons are of many different types, and are protected by magic: fields of blue, crackling force that slay those who approach the hoards too closely. So far, two of the weaver's apprentices have fallen victim to the fields.

The weaver, one Orncibl Rhommd, has vanished since revealing his find at a local tavern. He is believed to be a captive of, or hiding from, agents of The Cult of the Dragon. He did not say where the cavern was, but locals believe it is within a day's easy travel from Hilp, and probably either northwest, into the Forest of Cormyr (sometimes called the Azounwood), or due east, under the rolling hills of the high farming country. ❑

The Living Galaxy

Death Takes A Holiday

by Roger E. Moore

Game masters know that many players in role-playing games get very attached to their characters. Players become immersed in scenarios and experience excitement, terror, and triumph thanks to their vicarious fear of "death," experienced through their beloved player-characters.

It is also tragically obvious that in order for the fear of character death to have any real meaning, it has to be carried out when called for. A space marine covers the escape of his buddies from an ambush, but is cut down by enemy fire. A starship engineer is unable to reach her pressure suit when the engine room takes a direct missile hit, and she quickly dies from exposure to vacuum. A scientist is attacked by a poisonous plant while exploring an alien world and collapses with only seconds to live. The "living galaxy" must also be deadly and unforgiving.

The fear of player-character death keeps tensions high in any good role-playing game, and it is ever-present in science-fiction games as well. Most games offer many chances for a PC to get killed. The power of high-tech weaponry is often grotesque: Who wants to face a man using a PGMP-12, the weakest of the man-portable plasma and fusion guns in GDW's *Megatraveller* game? Who wants to fight a Death Machine in TSR's GAMMA WORLD® game? We're not even addressing dangers such as exposure to vacuum, poisonous atmospheres, extremes of heat and cold, vehicle crashes, radiation poisoning, and other tender mercies of the future.

Once in a while, it helps to take a vacation from death. Science-fiction game characters can experience all of the usual excitement, terror, and triumph while taking part in adventures in which they stand little, if any, chance of being killed.

Of course, it also helps if the players don't *know* that their characters aren't going to be killed. What they don't know won't hurt them—but it might scare them.

The Grim Reaper At Bay

The following are some of the many ways in which you can set up an adventure that keeps a game's thrill level high—but the mortality level low.

1. Reduce the killing power of the weapons used in the scenario. NPCs in an adventure need not be deadly to make the PCs (and players) sweat through their jump suits. High-powered weaponry might be restricted by law, custom, or necessity (heavy weapons might be banned aboard commercial starships because of the danger in harming innocents, starting fires, puncturing walls, etc.). Also, undercover agents, commandos, police officers, guards, and terrorists might want to use weapons that subdue opponents, so that foes can be captured and later questioned.

Examples of low-powered weapons include: clubs, quarterstaves, blackjacks, brass knuckles, fake guns and fake explosives (for bluffing), stun guns, flash grenades (for blinding), concussion grenades (for stunning, blinding, and deafening), web grenades (that entangle foes), tear gas, sleep gas, stink bombs, chemical Mace-type aerosols, bolas, bo and jo sticks (for use by martial artists), whips (to entangle), tranquilizer guns, and drugs and poisons (dropped in drinks or food). Low-powered items can wound, blind, deafen, slow, paralyze, knock out, stun, disfigure, entangle, weaken, burn, or otherwise incapacitate their victims. Paint guns or paint bombs can mark foes with dyes that cannot be removed, leading to easy identification later.

It is worth mentioning unarmed combat here, too. Everything from fist fighting and wrestling to advanced martial-arts forms should be considered, all intended to overpower and capture opponents. Picture a society of "space ninja," if you will, that practices kidnapping without the use of weapons (the society was formed on a world on which all weapons were banned). What techniques might this group use against a PC who has offended the society?

Unintelligent creatures can use similar natural weaponry. Venoms can blind, paralyze, or destroy coordination or alertness. Vines can trip or wrap around unwary explorers. Plant pollen can induce hallucinations or allergic reactions. Long-armed monsters can wrestle or punch. Insectlike critters can sting and bite in hordes, tormenting PCs mercilessly. Consider the Earthly examples of the skunk, porcupine, and fire ant, whom no sane camper, hunter, or explorer wants to offend.

To make the battle fair, the PCs should be likewise restricted by law or necessity to less-deadly weapons than they usually carry. The Rambo-wannabes must learn new survival methods when they can't get their hands on their half-kiloton-per-second-firepower blast rifles. The experience will do them good.

2. Alter the consequences of failure to include threatening but nonlethal dangers. If the PCs screw up, they won't die. But they *will* suffer capture, torture, imprisonment, trial, fines, criminal records, deportation, brainwashing, ransoming, hypnosis, slavery, branding, boredom, minor injuries, disfigurement, permanent disability (blindness, lameness, etc.), blown cover (if disguised), dishonor, embarrassment, defeat, financial troubles, loss of property (from wallets to starships), disease, starvation, psychological problems (depression, insanity, etc.), loss of employment, loss of favored NPCs (spouses, friends, etc.), or loss of rewards and special treatment or favors.

Perhaps larger issues are involved in failing to accomplish a mission. If the PCs don't stop a feared pirate, he may raid a space station and kill an old buddy of one of the PCs. If they don't stop an asteroid from hitting a colony world, millions of people will die. If they don't rescue the kidnapped ambassador of their homeworld, their world will suffer a great loss of honor and face. Lots of people may be counting on the PCs, who themselves are in little danger but must act swiftly and decisively to save the day.

3. Alter certain-death situations to produce nonlethal consequences. People are remarkably unkillable in real life. They can fall for miles and survive, be shot and poisoned but still live, and otherwise cheat death in ways we would never imagine in our wildest dreams. But such escapes from doom are the

exceptions, not the rules (which is why they make it into the newspapers and the *Guinness Book of World Records).*

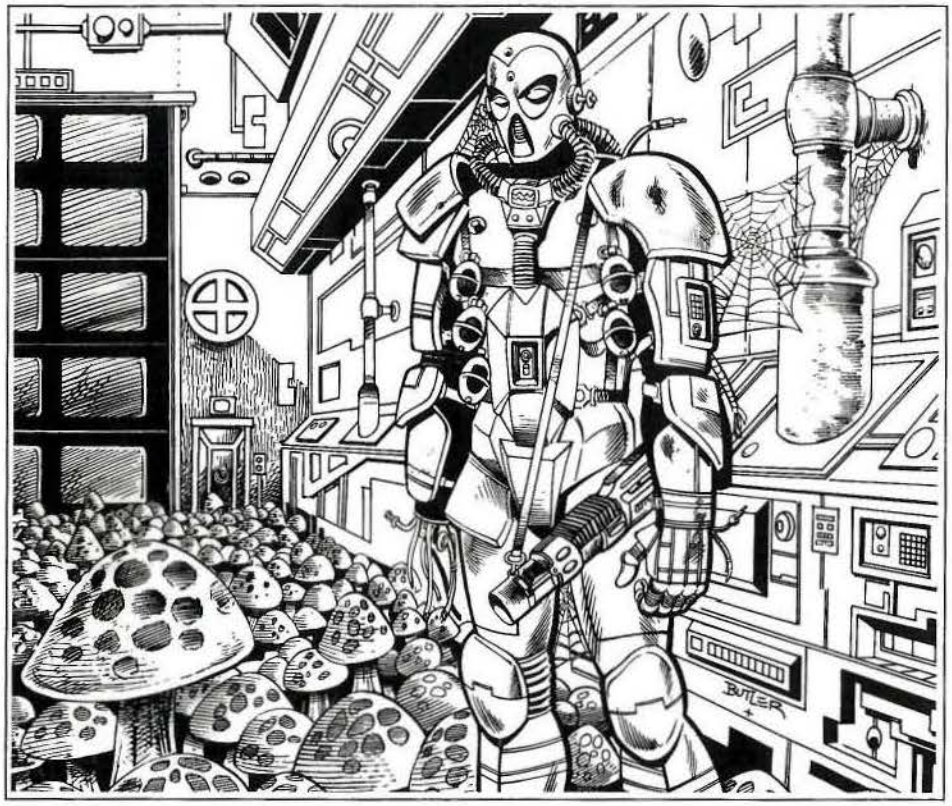
In some role-playing games, people who are put into suspended animation (cold sleep, low berths, cryogenic booths, etc.) risk death upon being revived. Instead, have unlucky PCs suffer a permanent weakness or disability. If someone fails a die roll to escape an area undergoing rapid decompression (such as a spacecraft room that has been hit during combat and is exposed to vacuum), have him escape but be so badly injured that he must be hospitalized and suffer physical impairment later. If someone has been hit by a flame thrower and "killed," maybe she will live after prolonged, expensive surgery—but as a cyborg, with most of her body parts replaced by machinery and electronics. If someone is bitten by a snake with deadly venom, have the venom be of reduced effectiveness or the PC be highly resistant to the poison.

This method must not be overused. For one thing, its abuse will take away all fear of death from the game (and much of the thrill as a result). Use it sparingly, perhaps only in conjunction with the expenditure of luck points (see #7) and only if a PC seems to be deserving of such fortune (a player might not want a cyborg PC if the cyborg form is *weaker* than the biological form—not everyone will come out to be a bionic woman or six million dollar man).

This involves some "fudging," also called "creative game mastering" or (more frankly) "cheating," depending on whether it was *your* character who was rescued in this manner. Be wary of starting problems in your group if you save Jean's character but let Skip's die when each performs the same deadly actions. Your reasoning for why Neaga Moonglow got only a scratch when her starship blew up had better be airtight.

4. Set up adventures around exciting, noncombative situations. PCs can be merchants trying to get rich, ambassadors settling a dispute, detectives solving a crime, scientists locating ancient ruins, couriers delivering critical messages, con artists pulling off a bloodless scam, or hunters out to trap wild game for zoological parks. Any number of adventures can be created in which lethal combat is not meant to be an important factor.

The danger in this, however, is the threat of boredom. Face it: Hopping from world to world to buy widgets and sell gizmos (drawing up a huge accounting sheet in the process) is not much fun compared to shooting it out with the Skull Nebula terrorist army (safer, maybe, but duller). What you need to do is to inject unexpected twists into the humdrum lives of the PCs. The interstellar hunters stumble across a smuggling ring in the forests of one distant world. The con artists themselves become the victims of a con scheme or a police set-up. The couriers are being tailed by undercover agents who want to steal or copy the messages the PCs carry. The scientists locate the ruins of an incredibly ancient starport filled with frightening technology. The detectives find out that the Skull Nebula terrorists (the space ninjas referred to beforehand) are responsible for the crimes being investigated by the team. The ambassadors are kidnapped by the same Skull Nebula terrorists and are held for ransom. The merchants are drugged and their wares are stolen, and they must hunt down those responsible using legal (and nonlethal) means.



5. Set up fake deaths. But don't tell the players right away that the "fatalities" were not fatal. You simply want to scare the hell out of them for a while, then apply an O. Henry twist to the adventure and legitimately bring the "dead" back to life again.

Fake deaths are not the same as simply altering a deadly situation to leave the PC maimed (as per #3). Here, the unfortunate PC is at first genuinely believed by the players to have been killed or lost forever, but this proves to be untrue. Fake deaths were used in the AD&D® game's DRAGONLANCE® saga, there called "obscure deaths." If a major PC fell off a cliff or was swept away by a flood, he or she might later reappear to complete the quest, with a suitably incredible tale of escape (*deus ex machina* at its best). This outcome should be modified so that the other PCs must work to rescue the ally they once thought dead, or the lost PC must use his own resources to escape his predicament and return to his allies, playing out his adventures with the GM one on one.

Warning #1: When pulling off a fake death, be sure to collect a copy of the "dead" PC's character sheet from the player. Don't let the player destroy the sheet, as some players will do, or else the character might as well be really dead. You'll have to be discrete, and you might find it helpful to give the player a

tip that all is not lost, to keep his interest and morale up. Just don't tell him everything that's happening, so that the player is in the dark like everyone else. You might want the affected player to run another PC he has, or else run a special NPC who can help the group in the adventure to recover the lost PC.

Warning #2: You should still structure these fake-death adventures to include nonlethal threats that must be faced in recovering the lost PC. Fake deaths work fine in lethal adventures, too, but here we're assuming that you are avoiding lethality.

An example: One of the PCs is poisoned, taken to a hospital, and pronounced dead. However, he was merely drugged and will soon be used in illegal medical experiments or by an organlegging ring. (Organlegging is a futuristic crime invented by science-fiction writer Larry Niven. Body parts are removed from kidnapped victims and sold on the black market for use in transplant operations or for research). The other PCs might be led to suspect that something was funny about the PC's disappearance, and they uncover the truth after some investigation (hopefully in time to save the PC). The hospital staff is not heavily armed but uses martial arts and drugs to capture unwanted intruders—who then become future organlegging victims or experimental subjects.

Another example: Two PCs, assigned as police agents to infiltrate a piracy ring, are believed to have been killed when the pirate ship they were serving on was fired upon and destroyed unexpectedly by the ships of a major interstellar navy. Salvage of the pirate ship reveals little left of any crew that would allow identification of the two bodies. The case is closed.

But the two agents are still alive and are held captive on the pirates' home base, having been captured and removed from the pirate ship just before it was attacked. In a subsequent adventure, the agents must either save themselves or be rescued by other PCs. The pirates at the home base are armed with stunners and other nonlethal weapons, as part of their cover as low-level police forces. If not rescued soon, the agents will be sold as slaves elsewhere on the planet.

6. Set up fake combat. The PCs take part in a training mission sponsored by their employing agency (the sort of mission outlined for the TOP SECRET® game in DRAGON® Magazine issue #119, in "This is Only a Test"). The training mission could involve the use of robotic opponents that may be shot at with infrared pistols (like those in Worlds of Wonder's Lazertag game), reacting as if they had been really shot. The robots fire back with stunners, paint guns, or infrared guns, "tagging" careless or slow PCs and putting them out of the mission. Live opponents might also use the same equipment; if you recall the opening scenes of the James Bond movie *Never Say Never Again,* you'll have the perfect feel for such pseudo-adventures. Holographic images might also be employed in training missions, with any number of fake environments, items, and foes displayed. PCs gain experience in working together, in using certain items of equipment, and in using skills and knowledge.

Training missions might be used by futuristic military, police, or espionage forces prior to live assaults on real targets. This gives the PCs a chance to develop workable plans *before* the bullets and lasers fly, though unexpected twists that the GM throws in must be expected as well.

Training missions cannot be used very often, but they make an enjoyable alternative to "real" battles (and a cruel GM can always have a saboteur put real bullets in a training robot's gun for a lethal adventure at a future date).

Other forms of fake combat suggest themselves in science-fiction adventures. A gladiatorial sports arena could be designed for use with nonlethal weapons, much as is done in the real world for the Paintball game and the Photon and Lazertag infrared-pistol games. PCs could test themselves in nonlethal duels with martial artists and wrestlers, and in the ever-popular bar fights. Even regular sports like football could be dropped into game sessions if PCs want to participate in them (no one said the PCs couldn't have fun once in a while). Winning or losing simply means gaining or losing respect, gambled money, and so on. Read *Dream Park,* by Larry Niven and Steven Barnes, or see the movie *Westworld,* for ideas on amusement parks that use high technology to produce high adventure for their game players. Also give a thought or two about the holodeck used on *Star Trek: The Next Generation,* and see if that could be adapted into your own campaigns.

High-tech fake combat could also be had if the PCs are using remote-controlled robots to explore a hostile or distant environment. Their robots could encounter someone's army or dangerous alien monsters, and the PCs must use their robots to defeat their foes and accomplish their mission, perhaps making creative use of the robots' equipment. Since the PCs are far from the real action (perhaps even being in orbit), they'll take no damage from combat—but they could be charged for the loss of the robotic explorers!

Finally, interesting possibilities are suggested by recent movies such as *Dreamscape* and *Brainstorm,* and by cyberpunk novels and science-fiction games that describe "netrunning" (the perception of computer-generated environments by someone who is mentally plugged into the system—e.g., "running" through a computerized network). Suppose that advanced computers and medical technology could allow people to enter a dreamlike environment in which the participants control "reality" itself. The dreamland also could be controlled by a computer, or it could take place in the mind of a third party or his recorded memories. Group participation would be like having the same telepathic dream, and an infinite variety of adventures could be played out in these ultimate role-playing games. These adventures could even make use of any other systems, with character statistics being generated for the science-fiction game character's alternate personalities! Thus, TSR's BOOT HILL® game could be used if an Old West dreamland is the setting. Getting "killed" in dreamland might cause the "slain" character to be injured, go into a coma, be dropped from the game, or have psychological problems. Illegal dreamers or netrunners might use this technology to harm or steal secrets from a third party who is connected to this system. Use your imagination to its fullest here.

7. Use a luck-point system for escaping death. Some games, such as TSR's MARVEL SUPER HEROES™, TOP SECRET, and TOP SECRET/S.I.™ games, and Victory Games' *James Bond* system) use a device variously called luck points, fortune points, Karma points, and so on. Each character is granted a certain reservoir of points that can be spent to modify die rolls or game events to the PC's benefit. However, the supply of such points is limited, and PCs might run out of luck and suffer the consequences. Luck points for the AD&D game were described in

Continued on page 31

Into The Dark

Sword Tossing 101

by James Lowder

As I stated in an earlier column, I believe that good Sword & Sorcery films are hard to find. There are lots of mediocre ones and an unbelievable number of bad ones, but few worth searching out. Drop me a line c/o the Newszine and let me know your favorite and least favorite fantasy films. If I get enough of a response, I'll run the results in a future issue.

While watching the candidates for this column, I noticed a large number of Sword & Sorcery heroes throw their swords in the midst of a battle. Seems like a lame idea to me, and, as someone at TSR, Inc. pointed out, one of the Musketeer films notes that sword tossing is "a novel way to disarm yourself." That the heroes tend to do such stupid, though theatrical things with their weapons has to be a good indication of the amount of thought that goes into the average fantasy film.

You can't get any better	*****
Entertaining and enjoyable	****
There are worse films	***
Wait for cable	**
A waste of good tape	*

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

1978, 133 Minutes
Fantasy Films/Thorn-EMI
Director: Ralph Bakshi
Cast: Animated
*

At the close of this rotoscoped disaster, Gandalf throws his sword high into the air. I'm certain that the distraught wizard was heaving the elf-sword Glamdring off the animation table, hoping to poke Ralph Bakshi in the eye. Sadly, he was too late. By then the producers had fed the director to the hundreds of extras who had been forced to wear silly rubber orc masks in the final battle scene.

I can hardly do justice to Tolkien's amazing, though overwrought, tale by summarizing it in a paragraph. I'll settle for noting that those of you who have read *The Fellowship of the Ring* and *The Two Towers* will find Bakshi's adaptation vastly unsatisfying. Those of you who haven't read the books should steer clear of the film; you'll find it hopelessly confusing after the first forty-five minutes.

It's never quite fair to judge a cinematic adaptation by the book upon which it's based. After all, we're talking about two completely different artistic mediums; novels and films may share some narrative elements, but there's also lots of things that set them apart. Still, standard reader reactions to J.R.R. Tolkien's epic provide some interesting clues as to the reason for this film's dismal showing.

There are two common reactions to the novels that make up *The Lord of the Rings*: admiration or disgust. People either love the story of Frodo's quest to be rid of the One Ring or they hate it. The most pervasive complaint about the tale is that it's enormously complex, with far too many characters and battles.

Ralph Bakshi succeeds in capturing that much of the story. If you don't know the novels well, you'll find yourself wondering who all the kings and wizards and hobbits are, especially throughout the second half of the film. You'll also wonder who's attacking the orcs—or being attacked by the orcs—with each new battle.

Some people like the epic scope of the books, but those same readers also admire Tolkien's ability to create interesting, complex characters against that same epic backdrop. Bakshi misses the mark on this completely. He has a knack in this film for spending too much time on relatively unimportant details and interactions, while glossing over the potentially rewarding scenes of character development.

Beyond all that, though, be forewarned that the animation in *The Lord of the Rings* is horribly uneven, with some of the most uncomfortable mixes of live action and animation ever filmed. There are a few good scenes wandering lost in this morass of marching armies—the opening montage history of the ring, and the death of Boromir are only two—but they, along with John Hurt's fine job as the voice of Aragorn, can't save this film from the flawed vision of its creators.

CONAN THE BARBARIAN

1981, 129 Minutes
MGM
Director: John Milius
Cast: Arnold Schwarzenegger, Gerry Lopez, Sandahl Bergman, James Earl Jones, Mako
***1/2

This straight-forward film chronicles the life of Robert E. Howard's barbarian superman, Conan. In a part he was born to play, Arnold Schwarzenegger proved he could act, despite some diction problems. His Conan is suitably heroic, savage, and innocent, all at the same time. In fact, the entire cast is excellent; Mako's voice-overnarration is surprisingly strong, and James Earl Jones is wonderfully malevolent as the evil wizard, Thulsa Doom. With his deep voice, Jones is the perfect actor to rumble lines like: "Now they will know why they're afraid of the dark. Now they will know why they fear the night."

The film's pacing and a few of its plot elements cause almost all of its problems. *Conan the Barbarian* opens with a young Conan learning the secret of steel from his father. Raiders wipe out the village's adults and drag the children off to slavery. Conan develops into quite a big boy over time, learns to fight as a gladiator, and even has some eastern philosophy thrust upon him. This all takes far too long, because it's not until after Conan has become a free man that the plot—the hero's search for the men who wiped out his people—gets underway.

The middle of the movie rolls along at a steady pace, propelled by a fight with a giant snake and the rescue of a captive princess. Even the *Magnificent Seven*-style battle against Thulsa Doom's minions toward the end of the film is exciting. Yet the final confrontation between Conan and the evil wizard is the problem. Apart from the thousands of Doom-supporters who stand around during and after the fight, the scene seems truncated, almost as if the director suddenly realized that he'd run over two hours and decided to end the film in a hurry.

In all, though, *Conan the Barbarian* is an exciting film, with great adventure scenes, a strong soundtrack, and inter-

esting characters. The movie is available in letterbox-format laser disk, for the purists out there, and it's definitely worth the rent if you can find it and have something to play it on.

By the way, Conan and his friends are too smart to toss their swords in battle. The hero of the next film could learn something from the supposedly dim witted barbarian.

DEATHSTALKER II: Duel of the Titans

1986, 78 Minutes
Vestron/Image Entertainment
Director: Jim Wynorski
Cast: John Terlesky, Monique Gabrielle, John La Zar
***1/2**

Gee, this sequel is a lot better than the first cinematic Deathstalker adventure. It even comes close to having a sense of humor!

Richard Hill had enough brains not to reprise his role as the multi-talented "Stalker" in this sequel, and the man they got to replace him (John Terlesky) is a marked improvement. Unlike the odious first entry in this series, *Deathstalker II* is a tongue-in-cheek romp through the land of fantasy cliches. Nods to various films—including *Conan*, *Duck Soup*, *Rocky*, and *Goldfinger*—will keep you awake if you're a film buff. The various skimpy costumes worn by Princess Evie (Monique Gabrielle) and the villainous Sultana will keep others of you interested. The jokes are funny about one out of six attempts.

The plot, such as it is, revolves around poor Princess Evie, who has been replaced at home by an evil duplicate. The real princess enlists the aid of Deathstalker to regain her rightful title and throne. Along the road to the castle, the hapless duo battle inept bandits, man-hating Amazons (complete with a WWF-style wrestling match), and pasty-faced zombies who stumble a lot. Deathstalker gets to toss his sword a couple of times in the bargain. Yup, this one's got something for the whole family.

Watch this film with friends, and you might find it entertaining. Remember not to shut the tape off before the closing credits are through; they contain outtakes that are funnier than most of the film. For even more laughs watch for the shot in the graveyard where the microphone lowers into the frame and the fight sequence at the start of the film where the camera jiggles as the cameraman obviously ducks to avoid a flying sword.

LADYHAWKE

1985, 121 Minutes
Warner
Director: Richard Donner
Cast: Matthew Broderick, Rutger Hauer, Michelle Pfeiffer, Leo McKern
****

As Captain Navarre, Rutger Hauer wins the award as champion sword-tosser for this month. He gets to chuck a monstrous two-handed blade a couple of times in this fairytale. In fact, sword tossing plays a vital part in the film's final confrontation.

There's a lot to like about *Ladyhawke*. Its basic plot involves two lovers (Hauer and Pfeiffer), who have been cursed by a jealous clergyman. During the day, the woman transforms into a hawk; at night, Captain Navarre becomes a wolf. The pair are always together, yet eternally separated. With the help of sneak-thief Phillipe "the Mouse" Gaston (Matthew Broderick) and Imperius the cleric (Leo McKern), the ill-fated lovers seek to break the curse.

Ladyhawke relies heavily upon Matthew Broderick, who spends much of his time talking to himself or to God. Broderick pulls off the difficult role with flair, making his witty monologues sound extemporaneous. His awe at the inexplicable magical events that occur around him is shared by the audience, and you will find yourself being pulled into the story as surely as Phillipe is.

Like the first Conan film, *Ladyhawke* suffers from a weak climax. The final conflict is just badly staged: soldiers attack Navarre one at a time while the main bad guy stands around waiting for the hero to wipe out everyone, then come for him. There simply isn't a way to justify the villain's stupidity. Worse, the film closes with lots of long, sappy shots of the lovers. After about three minutes, you'll be reaching for the fast forward button.

The soundtrack, by veteran rock writer/producer Alan Parsons, is uneven, providing great major themes but annoying, synthesized incidental music. Apart from that and the dumb final fight, *Ladyhawke* is a polished, entertaining romance. It isn't hardcore Sword & Sorcery, but the film also manages to avoid most of the cliches that make the standard sword-slinger epics predictable and boring.

And speaking of predictable ...

HAWK THE SLAYER

1980, 93 Minutes
IVE/Image Entertainment
Director: Terry Marcel
Cast: Jack Palance, John Terry
*

When handled by the right director, Jack Palance can do great work. Both *Batman* and the classic Western *Shane* prove that. In this turkey, Jack shows that, under the unsteady command of director Terry Marcel, he quickly becomes a parody of himself.

Hawk the Slayer is chock full of well-worn fantasy story elements. Hawk (John Terry) is a noble warrior in love with a wonderful woman, but his evil elder brother, Voltan (Jack Palace), also desires the lady. Conflict naturally arises, and Voltan makes matters worse when he kills his father and makes a career out of terrorizing the local countryside. To prove what an absolute fiend he is, Voltan kidnaps a nun and demands a high ransom.

With his friends—Gort the giant, Crow the elf bowman, and Baldin the dwarf—Hawk sets out to right this injustice. Along the way, he and director Marcel manage to lull the audiences into a stupor. The fact that, as the title character, John Terry has the emotional range of a road-kill deer doesn't help matters much.

The film steals repeatedly from Akira Kurosawa's classic Japanese samurai epics. Voltan's pointed final line is lifted from *Yojimbo*, and the duel the elf fights when he is first introduced is pilfered from *Seven Samurai* (or *The Magnificent Seven*, which openly modeled itself after the Kurosawa film).

Jack Palance's completely overdone, breathy dialogue and the incredibly lame fight scenes are the only things likely to keep you conscious through *Hawk*. One guy uses a repeating crossbow that has the speed of a machine gun, and the elf fires his longbow so quickly you can't see him draw the arrows from his quiver. Whenever a fight starts, you almost expect Jack Palance to step into the frame and say, "Believe it ... or not."

Next time we'll make an interesting cross-genre excursion and take a look at a group of films where cowboys fight dinosaurs and Billy the Kid faces off against Dracula. ❑

Bookwyrms

Travelers in the Dark Domain

by Christie Golden and James Lowder

This year sees the debut of a book line for the RAVENLOFT™ fantasy-horror setting. For those of you not familiar with the Dark Domain, Ravenloft is a sort of fantasy "Twilight Zone," a demiplane of dread that can be accessed from any world. However, once you enter Ravenloft, it is nearly impossible to escape.

The first novel in the Ravenloft series, *Vampire of the Mists*, by Christie Golden, tells the story of Jander Sunstar, an elven vampire from the Forgotten Realms. Torn by rage and grief, the elf is transported to the newly formed nightmare realm, where he gains the attention of the demiplane's master, Count Strahd Von Zarovich. When Jander finds that this fellow vampire is tied up in his quest for revenge, sparks fly.

Lord Soth, the villainous death knight from the DRAGONLANCE® Chronicles and Legends trilogies, becomes the focus for the second novel, *Knight of the Black Rose*, by James Lowder. Like Jander, Soth finds himself trapped in the Dark Domain, under the sway of the powerful Strahd Von Zarovich. Those of you familiar with the death knight will know that the vampire lord is in for a surprise if he thinks Soth will become his willing minion.

To give you a better feel for the stories, we thought we'd present an original character from each of the books in game format.

Jander Sunstar

8th Level Male Elf Fighter Vampire

STR: 18/00
INT: 17
WIS: 14
DEX: 18
CON: 18
CHR: 17
AC Normal: 6
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 78
Alignment: Neutral (Good tendencies)
Languages: Common, Elvish, Gnomish, Halfling, Ogre, Orc, Goblin
Weapon Proficiencies: Long sword, two-handed sword, longbow, staff, dagger, whip
NonWeapon Proficiencies: Artistic ability (14), singing (17), bowyer/fletcher (18), gaming (17)

Jander Sunstar is a curious combination of many things, almost all of them incompatible with the evil nature of Ravenloft. The elf is nearly eight centuries old; Jander has spent more than five hundred of those years as a vampire.

A sunrise, or gold, elf born in the magical kingdom of Evermeet on the planet Toril, Jander is a fine physical example of the beauty of his race. He is slender, weighing only 130 pounds, and tall for an elf at 5'9". His handsome features are sharp, but not feral, and are usually softened by reverie or good humor. Blond hair falls just to his shoulders, almost concealing his pointed ears. Golden, too, is Jander's skin, and his large, sad eyes are silver.

Jander especially favors clothing hued in strong colors—reds and blues, preferably. He often wears a gray cloak, although, as a vampire, he does not feel the cold. He sometimes carries a hand-carved flute, and the music he plays is hauntingly lovely, but as full of sorrow as his eyes.

Jander's hands are always hidden in white leather gloves, for Ravenloft has cursed him a "black thumb." Like elven vampires created in the Dark Domain, Jander's touch kills plants. This is a particularly potent curse to him, as he loves nature.

A simple dagger is usually Jander's only weapon, though in life he was a warrior and used the longbow and long sword with equal skill. He retains proficiency with these weapons, but he seldom resorts to using them.

Jander's story is an unhappy one. He traveled from the isolated elven island of Evermeet to the human-dense areas of Faerun as a young elf in search of adventure. He became involved with the disaster that turned the small community called Merrydale into Daggerdale—an onslaught of vampires upon the unsuspecting, and hitherto hospitable dale. Jander was ambushed and betrayed after the battle with the undead. His own vampirism is a direct result of that attack.

After two hundred years of slavery to a vampire lord, Jander regained his freedom by killing the master vampire. He lived a lonely existence until he fell hopelessly in love with Anna, an inmate at an insane asylum outside of Waterdeep. When Jander tried to make her his unliving, undying mate, she refused the exchange of blood and died in his arms. By Dalereckoning, the year in the Forgotten Realms was 1098.

The elf, stricken with anger and grief, vowed revenge upon whomever or whatever had destroyed Anna's mind. The dark powers of Ravenloft heard his vow and brought him to the demiplane of dread. There he encountered a young, inexperienced fellow vampire named Strahd Von Zarovich—an encounter that left the elven vampire full of hatred for the darklord of Barovia.

For the most part, Jander is a wise and gentle soul who cherishes and protects beauty in all its manifestations, whether literature, art, nature, or the smile of a young woman. His family name honors the sun, and Jander misses its warm light very much.

Jander has all the abilities of a more than 500-year-old Ravenloft vampire. (The RAVENLOFT game boxed set spends pages detailing these powers.) He never willingly takes a life, though he needs human blood to survive in Ravenloft. He has never "made" another vampire and has vowed never to do so. His feeding is delicate, and the victim will only feel fatigued afterward. Jander has a reverence for life that is sharply at odds with his undead status. He also possesses a strong sense of honor, and his word can be trusted.

The elven vampire has two great flaws. When pushed to the brink, mentally or physically, he is possessed by a berserker rage. He changes into wolf form and slaughters anything unfortunate enough to cross his path. It is possible that he might spare a loved one in this state, but even that isn't a sure thing. Such a rage is a rare occurrence; Jander grows much more patient as the years wear on.

The elf also has an unreasonable

distrust of magic. He claims that the arcane arts are somehow responsible for his fate and that they were useless in curing his suffering as a vampire. He is mistrustful of mages, even good-aligned ones. He also tends to doubt clerics, save those who worship Lathander, god of dawn and rebirth in the Realms. Jander worshiped Lathander during his time as an adventurer.

Jander will be courteously attentive to beautiful women, though he never presumes that he has any right to expect the same from them. Women who remind him of his lost Anna—extremely beautiful, dark hair, dark eyes, gentle nature—will find that they have a steadfast champion in him. The elf will not reveal that he is a vampire if he can avoid it. He does not actively seek companionship, but may aid a party if he feels their quest is worthy of him.

Jander does not know why his transformation into a vampire has not destroyed his emotions or his sense of right and wrong. Perhaps his family has a closer tie to the sun than name alone; perhaps his birth on magical Evermeet protects his soul from complete corruption. Whatever the reason, Jander Sunstar fights against the evil he is damned to commit. His curse will never allow him to be a truly good being, and his fear of what lies in the afterlife prevents him from ending his hellish existence. Still, he does what he can to preserve the few sparks of innocence left in his blood-drenched soul.

Azrael Dak

10th Level Male Dwarf Fighter/ Werebadger

STR: 18/50
INT: 12
WIS: 16
DEX: 10
CON: 18
CHR: 14
AC Normal: 0
AC Rear: 0
Hit Points: 91
Alignment: Lawful Evil
Languages: Common, Dwarvish, Gnomish

Weapon Proficiencies: Battle axe, short sword, hammer, knife, garrot, flail
NonWeapon Proficiencies: Mining (13), set snares (11), blind-fighting, hunting (15)

Magic Items: *Bracers of defense AC 0*

Werebadger form: Int Average; AL LE; AC -2; MV 15; HD 10; hp 91; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 3-18 or by weapon; SD Silver or +1 or better weapons to hit; SZ M.

The name of the world from which Azrael Dak hails is lost to us. In fact, little is known of the oppressive place, save that dwarves make up most of the population and that the land above the dwarves' domain is largely uninhabitable wastes, filled with rampaging behemoths.

Azrael has the short, stocky build of most dwarves, but his hands and feet are slightly flatter. His fingers are stubby, which makes Azrael a rather poor craftsman. These digits present no limitations to his handling of a variety of weapons, however, and the dwarf has proven himself quite adept at the axe, knife, and garrot. Perhaps his great strength makes up for his poor dexterity in combat. Certainly his ferocity has helped him to succeed on the battlefield.

Like his physique, Azrael's facial features are slightly out of the ordinary. His eyes are set wide apart, and wire-haired eyebrows arch over them. His nose is almost flat, his mouth wide. Completely bald, Azrael maintains bushy muttonchop sideburns and a close-cropped beard and mustache. When he is at rest, Azrael's features tend to relax into an expression of squinting annoyance. He is not very good at hiding his emotions, and his companions can tell quite easily what he is thinking most of the time.

Before Azrael was pulled into Ravenloft by the mists, he had built quite a reputation as a mass murderer in the cavernous underground city of his people. Because he was such a poor craftsman, Azrael was banished from his family's home. To get revenge, he systematically murdered everyone who had ever slighted him. Much to the horror of the dwarves, Azrael proved incredibly skilled at gruesome homicide and even more adept at keeping himself hidden from those who sought to bring him to justice.

The source of the murderer's skills was, in part, his own natural perverseness, but also the lycanthropic powers he gained shortly after being banished from his home. In a dream, a dark presence told him of the great beast locked inside him; the next day, Azrael had the powers of a full lycanthrope, a werebadger. After more than one hundred murders, including the annihilation of his family, Azrael Dak walked into a patch of thick mist and found himself in Barovia.

Azrael is a unique lycanthrope, as far as he knows. He shares similar powers with the more familiar types of were-creatures. Only silver or magical weapons (+1 or better) can cause him damage. He also has the ability to take three forms—dwarf, beast, or half-beast—at will.

Azrael does not hide his lycanthropy, but he tends not to transform unless he intends to kill his opponent. He is good-humored in an odd sort of way; bloodshed and squalor do not faze him. He is prone to sudden bursts of ultraviolence, but he is a fairly shrewd tactician, as well. PCs encountering Azrael should be wary. He only spares less-powerful beings if he thinks they are of use to him. He is tight-lipped at all times, offering nothing about himself to any but the most important beings.

During the tale of Lord Soth's journey into the Dark Domain. Azrael encountered the death knight and aided him in his conflict with the other darklords. Azrael can be a loyal servant, but only to those who constantly prove that they are strong enough to keep him in line.

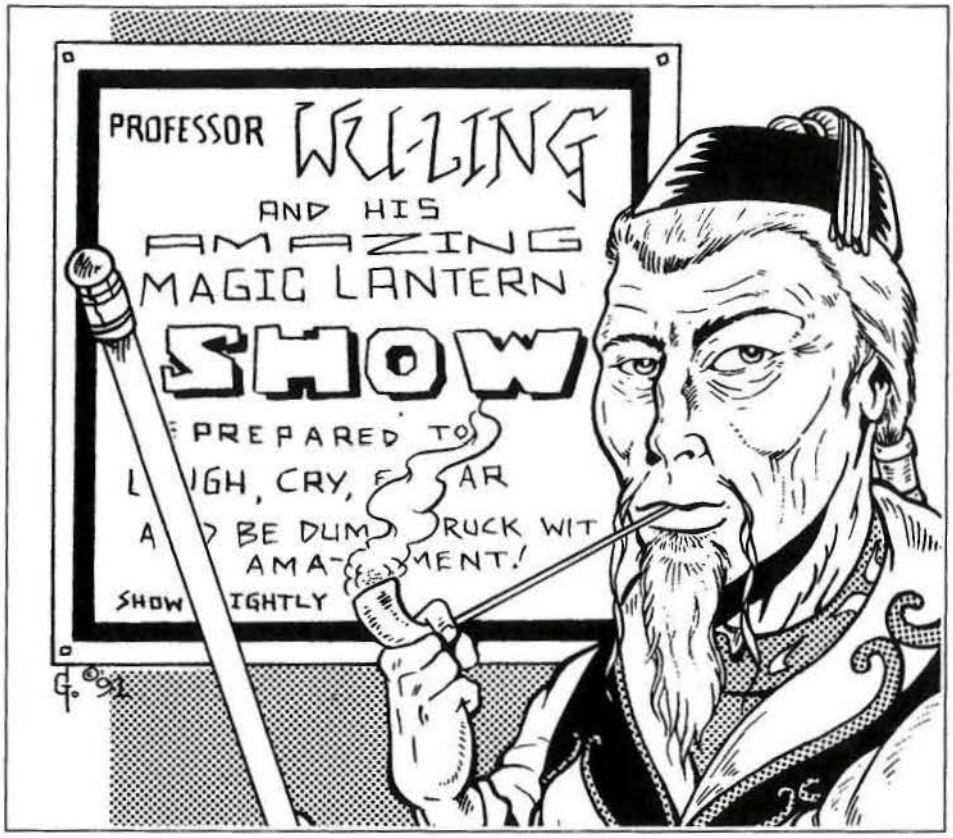
Vampire of the Mists is available now. *Knight of the Black Rose* will be in bookstores in December, 1991.

❑

The Living City

Wu Ling's Traveling Magic Lantern Show

by Gary M. Williams



Professor Wu Ling is a mysterious little man of oriental extraction. Little is known about him, but his traveling Magic Lantern Show is well recognized throughout the land.

The Professor arrives in a town on his small gray donkey, immediately securing lodgings for the night. He next attempts to rent a tavern common room, vacant store front, or a large barn from a local farmer for a night or two. Once accomplished, he takes his evening meal at the local tavern.

Wu Ling speaks little to the townsfolk and tavern patrons and acts mysteriously—this is to garner interest in himself. After his meal the Professor smokes his pipe and retires early to bed.

The next morning, a flurry of beautifully-printed handbills appear throughout the city. They proclaim that on the next several evenings Professor Wu Ling will demonstrate his Amazing Magic Lantern Show. "Be prepared to laugh, to cry, recoil in fear, and be dumbstruck with amazement," says the handbills. The time and place are hand lettered on the handbill in a beautiful flowing script of flawless Common.

Shows take place in the early evenings, shortly after dusk. When arriving at the designated place, patrons are welcomed by Professor Wu Ling himself. He is a small, frail man dressed in expensive silk embroidered robes; he smells slightly of sandlewood incense. The Professor, always smiling, makes it a policy to greet everyone personally.

The Magic Lantern, a large ornate box with a huge ground glass lens and a stove pipe sticking from the top, sits on a table in the center of the room.

Several large boxes holding a number of brightly painted glass disks sit nearby. Once everyone has been seated, several townspeople hired by the Professor for the evening work among the rows of people selling some of the Professor's exotic snacks. Perhaps someone will try the fried hummingbird's tongues, or the sheep's eyeballs dipped in honey. They're only a few coppers a bag.

Soon the lights are lowered and the show begins. Professor Wu Ling opens the front of the Magic Lantern and inserts one of the huge glass disks. A picture appears on a wall to which a large white sheet has been tacked. The Professor then recites verse, acting a number of different parts and weaving an exciting story around the colorful images projected on the wall. Throughout the presentation, at certain dramatic points, noises come from the back of the room, or from the sides. Sometimes a single noise, sometimes many. The roar of dragons or the howling of a winter storm will fill the make-shift auditorium.

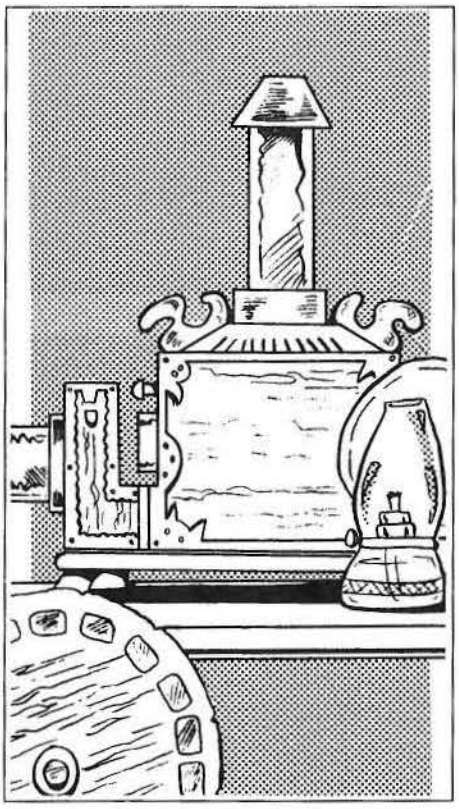
In an evening's time, two or three of these plays will be acted out—to the delight of all who attend. About midnight the show will end, and the people depart, happy and excited that their silver was a small price to pay for an exhilarating evening's entertainment.

Professor Wu Ling

5th Level Male Human Wizard

STR: 10
INT: 16
WIS: 14
DEX: 15
CON: 13
CHR: 17
AC Normal: 7
AC Rear: 7
Hit Points: 11
Alignment: Neutral Good
Languages: Common, Elvish

Weapon Proficiencies: Staff
NonWeapon Proficiencies: Artistic ability (15), acting (17), ancient history (15), reading/writing (17)
Magic Items: *Bracers of defense AC 7, bag of holding*
Spells/day: 4 2 1



by Gary M. Williams

Traveling Spell Books

Level One

Audible Glamer	*Alarm*
Magic Missile	*Read Magic*
Sleep	*Ventriloquism*

Level Two

Magic Mouth	*Shatter*
Web	*Wizard Lock*

Level Three

Blink	*Hold Person*
Spectral Force	*Tongues*

The Professor is 5'3" tall, weighs 100 pounds, and never bothers to mask his 70-plus years. He wears his long white hair tied behind his head and always dresses in oriental garb.

Professor Wu Ling is a native of a small village in central Kara Tur. The early part of his life was an unexciting one; he was a lowly clerk for a nearby powerful warlord. When the people, weary of the crushing repression, rose up and fought the warlord, Wu Ling hid in the vast treasure chambers deep beneath the palace. It was here he discovered the Magic Lantern, a forgotten treasure of his former master.

With the several weeks of meager provisions he had brought with him, he amused himself with the *lantern,* making up plays about the images it projected. He kept notes and ideas jotted down on a scroll, and these became the basis for the plays he gives today.

While the uprising continued, Wu Ling explored the warlord's massive underground complex, discovering other valuable items as well. These included the magical *bracers,* and the most wondrous *bag of holding.* Putting the Magic Lantern, the picture disks, and a few choice gems and handfuls of gold pieces into the bag, Wu Ling followed the twisting passageways until—after several days—he found his way above ground.

He was miles from the palace, the village, and his home. Fearing for his safety (after all, he was one of the warlord's retainers), he began a life of wandering. Always interested in magic, he would linger in a city for a year or two, gaining magical experience before moving along. With the warlord's stolen gems at his disposal, he was never for want and led a comfortable life. On several occasions, he joined a band of adventurers just for the thrill of living on the edge.

It was while he was with one of these groups that he began using the lantern to entertain them.

For the next several years, Professor Wu Ling, as he became to be known, experimented writing and performing shows. Once satisfied with the proper mixture of showmanship and magic, he took to the road as a wandering entertainer. His first attempts were wildly successful, and with this encouragement, he now travels the Realms far and wide, bringing tall tales of adventure, romance and legend wherever people gather.

The Magic Lantern

Despite the name, there is nothing magical about the lantern. It appears as a large, beautifully carved wooden box approximately two and a half feet high and three feet long. After opening the box from the rear, one sees inside a large oil lamp with a highly polished mirrored disk attached to it. Light from the oil lamp is reflected from the mirrored disk through the lens in the front of the box. The images are projected out onto a white sheet or blank wall. The size of the images projected depends on how far or close the Magic Lantern is to the wall. For the public, the effect is quite startling. The tall stove-pipe on top of the box serves as an exhaust system, allowing smoke and hot gasses to escape harmlessly.

The Story Disks

The Professor has several hundred of these disks, and if a new story or local legend interests him enough, he will create new ones. The disks are about 24" across, and are glass with a wooden hub in the center. The hub is for mounting the disks on a metal rod in the Magic Lantern. Once installed, the disks will turn freely, allowing the advancing of pictures. The Professor will etch and color the pictures, as many as 50 per disk, with special tools and dyes of his own creation. He jealously guards the secret of the creation of a disk, and will not reveal to anyone how they are made. Included in the Professor's collection of disks are biographies of important and notable people, travelogues, nature studies, dramas, heroic adventures, and comedies. Perhaps his most well loved are the romance-dramas, continuing stories for which entire towns will eagerly wait months just to watch the next installment.

The Sound Effects

Shortly before a presentation, the Professor places a variation of a *magic mouth* on the walls and ceiling beams around the room. The *mouths* have been programmed to go off when certain key words are spoken during a show. The *mouths* can be used to create a wide variety of animal, monster, and natural sound effects. Sometimes a single *mouth* will sound out, other times two or more will create contrasting sounds, giving the shows a very lifelike effect. The *mouths* can be programmed for up to three shows before their magic is exhausted and they vanish. The Professor keeps a supply of scrolls from which to cast the five special *mouths* required for a single show.

On occasion he also uses some of his spells, such as *audible glamer* and *spectral force* to help enhance a performance. ❑

GAMMA WORLD® Game Lives

Continued from page 7

player rolls randomly to determine how many are physical and how many are mental. This puts all mutated characters on an equal footing—while still producing a random mix of mutations.

So far I have only mentioned the raw power of the character, which usually measures his ability to destroy things or to control a situation. However, because this is a role playing game, power is only one element to a campaign.

The roles assumed by the players should be the heart and soul of the game—not the die rolling and monster killing.

Campaign Trail

Another unfortunate omission from previous GAMMA WORLD editions was the "campaign." TSR did not provide an existing campaign environment for the game master. For the AD&D game there is the vast and rich FORGOTTEN REALMS™ world, the WORLD OF GREYHAWK™ campaign, and the DRAGONLANCE™ setting.

Since Gamma World is our future earth, past editions assumed detailed campaign information was not necessary.

I think that was a false assumption.

The fourth edition of the GAMMA WORLD game will have a detailed campaign ready for the game master. Of course, you can still build your own realms if you wish.

We'll also be expanding the Cryptic Alliances. In previous GAMMA WORLD game editions, the Alliances were a fascinating, but ill-used, part of the campaign.

Each alliance was established as a fanatic group of individuals devoted to a single cause—such as killing all mutated creatures everywhere, or restoring machines to their rightful place as lords of the earth. These Alliances make wonderful tools for building NPCs and a campaign.

In the fourth edition the player characters will have the option to join an Alliance. The Cryptic Alliances available will not be as narrow in their view or as harsh in their goals as before. Like alignment in the AD&D game, a character's Cryptic Alliance will say a lot about his personality.

The GAMMA WORLD game could be a great place to begin for someone just getting into role playing games. The new gamer will have a lot of tools to help him role play the character.

I intend to have a blast writing the new edition. I'll offer you a unique role-playing experience, and I guarantee you'll have fun.

Join me. The new Gamma World awaits. ❑

Cthulhu vs. Lakefront City

Continued from page 19

Conversion Chart*

GANGBUSTERS game statistic	Formula	Cthulhu game statistic
Muscle	divide by 5 and roll on Statistic Modifier Chart	Strength, Constitution
Agility	ditto	Dexterity
Observation	divide by 5	Intelligence
	divide by 5 and roll on S.M.C.	Education
Presence	add 1d4+4	Appearance
Luck	divide by 2.5 and roll on S.M.C.	Power
Driving	none	Driving skill
Punching	add to Strength	Size
Hit points	none	Hit points

*No Call of Cthulhu statistic can go below or above the normal range for that ability. For example, Cthulhu Strength is normally rolled on 3d6, that gives the number range of 3-18. Hence, no converted Strength score could be below three or above 18.

an appendix in the back with book and movie bibliographies.

The Call of Cthulhu rule book has a time line of the 1920s, biographies of famous people of the era, prices, travel times and distances, as well as information on prisons of the time, vehicle chase and combat rules, and statistics of many common animals.

If you are running, or are planning to run, a campaign set in the Prohibition era, both of these books are excellent sources for background material and for adventure inspiration. If you take advantage of the information in both of these books, your 1920s or 1930s campaign can only improve. ❑

Statistic Modifier Chart

1d6 roll	effect on Cthulhu statistic
1	−2
2	−1
3-4	no effect
5	+1
6	+2

The Living Galaxy

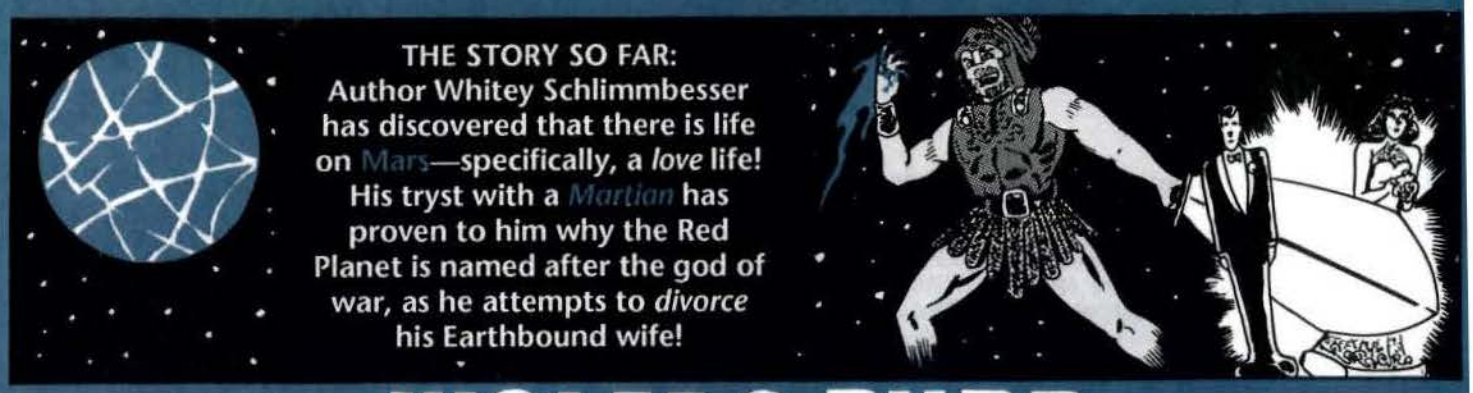
Continued from page 24

DRAGON issue #118 ("A Hero's Reward"), and this idea can be adopted into any role-playing game with some experimentation. These points are intended for use in avoiding outright death, usually substituting some miraculous escape at the last possible moment ("That laser shot bounced right off the tiny pocket mirror in your wallet"). Luck points also can be floated for use in avoiding potentially dangerous situations by giving the PC a sixth-sense warning ("I've got a bad feeling about this!").

If you use luck points, make sure they *are* limited, or else the PCs (and players) won't care about danger at all and will get cocky or bored. The old TOP SECRET game's fortune points, for example, are few in number and also nonrenewable; once they're used up, they're gone forever. If a PC's luck runs out, he may die. But if he's been careful with his luck, maybe he'll live a little longer.

Last Words

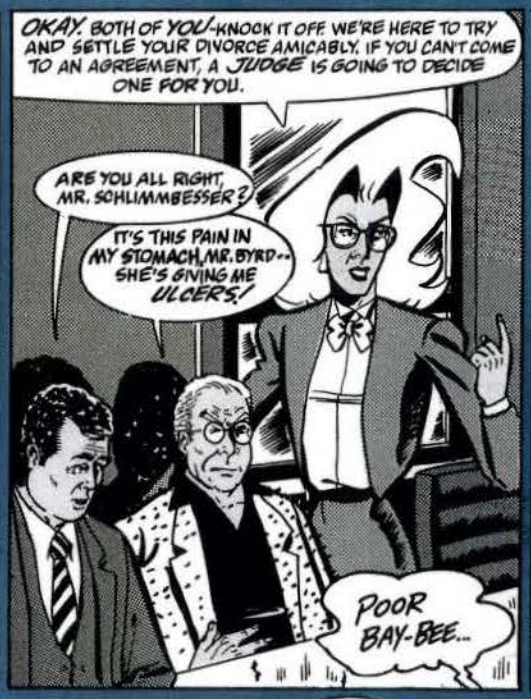
In space, no one can hear you call for divine intervention. But a considerate GM can always set up a way for his players to keep their characters for just a little longer, though the players might never know how kind he has been to them. After all, just because you aren't going to kill the characters doesn't mean they don't have to suffer a little. ❑


THE STORY SO FAR:
Author Whitey Schlimmbesser has discovered that there is life on Mars—specifically, a *love* life! His tryst with a Martian has proven to him why the Red Planet is named after the god of war, as he attempts to *divorce* his Earthbound wife!

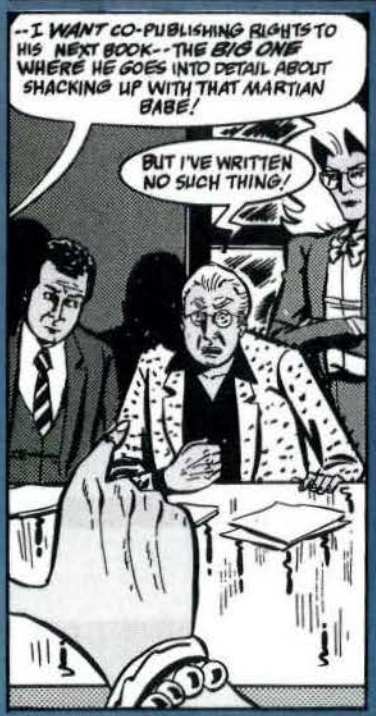
Part TWO of Three

WOLFF & BYRD
COUNSELORS OF THE MACABRE

by Batton Lash


OKAY. BOTH OF YOU-KNOCK IT OFF WE'RE HERE TO TRY AND SETTLE YOUR DIVORCE AMICABLY. IF YOU CAN'T COME TO AN AGREEMENT, A JUDGE IS GOING TO DECIDE ONE FOR YOU.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MR. SCHLIMMBESSER?
IT'S THIS PAIN IN MY STOMACH, MR. BYRD-- SHE'S GIVING ME ULCERS!
POOR BAY-BEE...

THAT WAS UN-CALLED FOR
JENNY-- PLEASE. AS I WAS SAYING, MS. WOLFF-- THERE HAS BEEN IRRECONCILABLE DIFFERENCES WHICH LEAD TO THE IRREMEDIABLE BREAKDOWN OF THIS MARRIAGE. TO WIT--
YEAH, YEAH-- LET'S CUT TO THE CHASE--


--I WANT CO-PUBLISHING RIGHTS TO HIS NEXT BOOK-- THE BIG ONE WHERE HE GOES INTO DETAIL ABOUT SHACKING UP WITH THAT MARTIAN BABE!
BUT I'VE WRITTEN NO SUCH THING!

...BUT IF YOU MEAN MY SONNETS...MY ODE TO INTERPLANETARY HARMONY AND THE TRANQUILITY OF THE STARS... MY SONGS OF AN UNIMAGINED ROMANCE WHICH COMES ONCE IN A LIFETIME... MY POEMS OF THE CHANCE JOINING OF TWO AND THE MILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS BETWEEN THEM...THEN YOU CAN'T HAVE THEM. THEY WEREN'T WRITTEN FOR YOU...
WHITEY, YOU'RE MAKING ME SICK!

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Classifieds

England: Two players of the original AD&D® game in Cambridge seek like-minded players for daring deeds in another world. We'll also consider other games. Contact Andrew and Ivvie at 31 Howard Close, Cambridge, CB5 8QU, United Kingdom, or phone 02205-2026.

California: I'm a 13-year-old gamer who wants to join a D&D® game or AD&D 2nd Edition game campaign in the Yucaipa/Redlands area. Call Ward Mullee at (714) 797-9843 or write me at 35761 Eureka Ave., Yucaipa, CA 92399.

Louisiana: I'm a serious, 14-year old DM/player looking to start a club in the Tioga area. I play both versions of the AD&D game, Shadowrun, GURPS, Champions, DC Heroes, MARVEL SUPER HEROES game, GAMMA WORLD® game, and the D&D game. I'm willing to learn others. I'd also like to write my own RPG. Please write: Collie Craig. P.O. Box 788, Tioga, LA 71477.

Maryland: AD&D game player with six years' experience wishes to start a gaming group or join an established group in the Easton/Cambridge area. I also have experience in Warhammer and Renegade Legion. Please write: Steven L. Dashiell, P.O. Box 2188, Easton, MD 21601-2188.

New Jersey: Attention experienced role players and DMs hungry for serious campaigning with the AD&D 2nd Edition game in the South Jersey/Philadelphia area. Would you be interested joining with other veterans and forming a Network club? We also are interested in trying other game systems. For details please contact: The Mage Lords of South Jersey, c/o Tom Sullivan, 5103 Laurel Ave., Pennsauken, NJ 08109, or call 609-662-7488.

New York: I am looking to form a gaming group or to join one. I am skilled in both the DRAGONLANCE setting and the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting for the AD&D game. I am also willing to have pen pals from anywhere in the world. Please write: Alex Stern, 153-07 78th Ave., Flushing, NY 11367, or call 718-380-3079.

Ohio: The company of the Shining Spears is looking for amateur or experienced adventurers. If you like the FORGOTTEN REALMS fantasy setting and dislike hack and slash come adventure with us. We would like to form an official Network club. Also, looking for copies of module N4 Treasure Hunt, and N5 Under Illfarn—will pay one and a half times cover price. Please contact: Larry L. Stewart Jr., 6271 Hill Street, Ravenna, OH 44266.

Oregon: I'm 15 years old and looking for a group and DM in the Portland area. I've got some knowledge of the AD&D game, D&D game, and Elfquest. I would like to learn new games. Please write: Aaron Van Lom, 10389 N.W. Helvetia Road, Hillsboro, OR 97124.

Conventions

Star Con '91, October 26-27
Menasha, WI
The Americanos Centre, 1585 Appleton Road in Menasha, is the site for this convention. Featured events include boardgames, role-playing games, a costume contest, a modeling and miniatures painting competition, seminars, and workshops. For information write: Star Con '91, 112 N. Lake Street, Neenah, WI 54956.

Rock-Con XVIII Game Fair, November 2-3 *Rockford, IL*
The Rockford Lutheran High School is once again the site for this weekend of gaming, which features a Network AD&D game benefit event and other sanctioned tournaments. There also will be a large Empire builder event, many miniatures events and war games, a dealers' area, and an auction. Special guests include Tom Wham and Jim Ward. Network members willing to help run events should contact HQ without delay. Registration for one or two days is $5. For more information write: Rock-Con XVIII, 14225 Hansberry Road, Rockton, IL 61072.

WATCON, November 9-10
Waterloo, Ontario
This convention will be held and the University of Waterloo. Scheduled gaming includes role-playing events (including Network tournaments), miniatures events, and boardgames. There will be seminars, discussions, and presentations on the hobby. Special hotel rates are available for the convention. For information write: WATCON, c/o WATSFIC, Room CC215, Campus Centre, University of Waterloo, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada N2L 3G1.

U-CON, November 15-17
Ann Arbor, MI
The Ann Arbor gaming community is pleased to host another U-CON. The convention, held at Washtenaw Community College, features a wide variety of imaginative RPGs, historical miniatures, and strategy games. For information write: U-CON, P.O. Box 4491, Ann Arbor, MI 48106-4491.

PENTACON VII, November 16-17
Fort Wayne, IN
The Northeastern Indiana Gamers' Association will sponsor its first two-day convention at the Grand Wayne Center in downtown Fort Wayne. Tournaments include a two-round Network AD&D® game event, the NIGA Spotlight tournament, and an all-day miniature simulation. Other events include BattleTech, Morrow Project, naval miniatures, Darkus Thel, boardgames, and other role-playing. Painting and costume contests, door prizes, and a flea market round out the offerings. Preregistration is $8 for both days, $5 for one day. For details write: PENTACON, P.O. Box 11176, Fort Wayne, IN 46856 or call Steve at 219-356-4209.

RPGA™ Network Club Program

Gaming with the best -- the RPGA™ Network -- gets better when you belong to a Network Club.

ROLE PLAYING GAME ASSOCIATION™ NETWORK Clubs are special. They are able to compete in Network Clubs Only competitions at conventions such as GEN CON® Game Fair and Winter Fantasy in the United States, and at other conventions elsewhere in the world. They can take part in the annual Gaming Decathlon, a year-long challenge with unique prizes. Clubs get discounts on gaming products. They participate in membership drives. Clubs are eligible to play-test products before they appear on store shelves -- having an impact on the games. And more!

The fee to charter a club is $40.00. Each club receives a plaque recognizing their organization as a registered club, $20 to $30 worth of gaming materials for the club library, and one individual Network membership, valued at $20.00, to bestow upon a deserving member of the club.

Each year after that, the club pays $20.00 to renew its charter. At that time the club receives another individual membership to bestow upon a member of the club, and a game module or other product to add to the club library.

To seek a charter by the RPGA™ Network, a gaming club must have at least six members who are also members of the RPGA™ Network.

Rank of Club	*No. of Network Members in the Club*
Fellowship	**6-25**
Guild	**26-50**
Conclave	**51-75**
Assembly	**76 and above**

Complete this application and return it to:

RPGA™ Network
P.O. Box 515
Lake Geneva, WI 53147

Club Name _____
Club Address _____
_____
Postal Code _____
President _____
Address _____
_____
Postal Code _____

List Network members and their membership numbers on the reverse of this form.

Which role playing games does your club play?

Which other games does your club play?

Where does your club meet?

When does your club meet?

Club Member	Membership No.	Club Member	Membership No.